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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

According to the previous call, the Convention of the friends and members of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society convened at Franklin Hall, December 17th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

James Mott was chosen Chairman, and C. M. Burleigh, Secretary.

After a few remarks from Lucretia Mott, on the importance of entering on the labours of the Convention with serious and prayerful spirits, and of maintaining silence and strict attention during the discussions—the following resolutions were offered by Edmund Quincy, and came up for discussion;

(The copy we give contains a few slight amendments to the original, but as they were not important it is needless to mention them.)

Resolved, That the history of every passing day affords new proof of the fixed supremacy of the slave power; that the Annexation of Texas, the invasion of Mexico, the conquest of the Californias, Santa Fé, and Chihuahua, were all demanded by the necessities of Slavery, and extorted by its resolute purpose and unscrupulous rapacity, while the tame submission of the free States has made them justly sharers of the guilt, as well as partakers in the shame of these national enormities.

Resolved, That this passage of our history, comprising the insidious beginnings of that conspiracy, its gradual progress of falsehood and fraud, its triumphant success, in spite of the resistance and reclamations of the North—the war which has necessarily followed it—conquests for the fatal purposes of Slavery in which we are now engaged—all prove conclusively that a despotism may exist under the forms of a republic, and a nation may have long lost its liberties, and yet flatter itself that it is *free*.

Resolved, That in view of the guilty complicity of the whole nation in the nation's crime of Slavery, of the guarantees which the Constitution gives to it and the sanctity which the Church throws about it, we do re-affirm and proclaim anew our belief that there is no honour and safety for the free States, except in an entire separation from Slavery, in the intelligent and practical adoption of the great maxim of "No union with slaveholders."

J. L. Paxson moved that all persons attending the Convention, be invited to participate in the discussions of the meetings,—which, after some discussion, was unanimously agreed to.

A discussion then arose upon the question *who* were entitled to vote in the Convention, which resulted in the appointment of a committee to take the names of all persons who chose to enroll themselves as members or friends of the society.

Resolutions were then read by Lucretia Mott and Thomas Earle, which were laid over for discussion, and the attention of the meeting was called to Mr. Quincy's resolutions,—and Mr. Quincy addressed the Convention at length in their support.

The discussion of these resolutions was continued through the session by Charles C. Burleigh, J. N. Buffum, Nathan Evans, E. M. Davis, and others, in their defence, and Thomas Earle in opposition. At about four o'clock, P. M. the Convention adjourned to meet again to-morrow morning.

Friday, December 18th.

The Convention met as adjourned. After a little discussion, it was decided to have but one session today, and have addresses in the evening, in the Assembly Buildings, in connection with the Fair in progress there. On motion of E. M. Davis, it was voted that each speaker should be limited to fifteen minutes, and that no one should speak twice on the same subject, until all should have an opportunity.

Thomas Earle moved that each side be heard alternately, which, after discussion, was adopted.

Mr. Quincy's resolutions again came up, and a spirited debate upon their various topics, and others directly or indirectly connected with them, occupied several hours. J. N. Buffum, Thomas Earle, Henry Grew, Liddon Pennock, C. C. Burleigh, Mr. Calston, Dr. Hobson, Mr. Ward, E. Quincy, J. G. Bias, and others, engaged in the debate, which took a wide range. Free labour was one of the topics discussed, and considerable attention was given to it.

Late in the session the vote was called for, and the resolutions were adopted by a very large majority, the vote being taken upon each one separately. C. W. Gardiner gave a brief statement concerning a young man who was present, who was trying to collect money to purchase his daughter who was soon to be sold to the South, unless he could redeem her. Lucretia Mott objected to Abolitionists contributing money to buy slaves, and read a passage from the declaration of sentiments of the American Society, condemning compensation.

Thomas Earle called up the following resolutions, which he offered yesterday, and spoke upon them, after which they were laid upon the table:

Whereas, the action of the human intellect and the progress of human reform, are to a certain extent governed by fixed natural laws, and it is therefore as necessary to success in national reform, as in agriculture or the mechanics arts, that the laws of nature be studied and conformed to; and, whereas these laws can only be known by studying the history of the past,

Therefore resolved, That we recommend the adoption of such measures for effecting the abolition of Slavery in the present slave States as have been the means of emancipation in every country where Slavery has hitherto been extinguished, and among these means we reckon temperate, mild, kind, conciliatory, and charitable language towards the wrong-doers, the extensive circulation of petitions to Congress and the State Legislatures, for their aid in the abrogation of all laws and constitutional provisions which sustain Slavery, an abstinence from all connection of the Anti-Slavery societies and their organs, with or support of any religious sect or political party, or its doctrines or practices, upon any point except that of emancipation, and the urging upon all voters the support of such candidates for legislative office, without respect to party, as will support the entire extinction of Slavery.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to anti-slavery editors and lecturers, abstinence from vituperative and opprobrious language; from lauding the institutions and practices of nations whose governments and systems are condemned by the American people, because they destroy the freedom of the press and of religion, deny to the mass of the people participation in the Government, enslave them by military force, and reduce them to the extreme of poverty, degradation, and misery, as well as from unjust and extravagant vituperations of our own country, and from taking sides against it in all its controversies with other nations.

Resolved, That we also recommend to them an abstinence from opprobrious language to our own rulers in reference to questions not immediately and unquestionably relating directly to the abolition of Slavery, and a spirit of charity and candor in respect to their motives and actions even on the question of Slavery itself.

Resolved, That we recommend to them a careful adherence to strict truth and perfect candor, and a full and fair statement of facts, in reference to all whom they assail; that they condemn none unheard, nor without communicating to their readers or hearers a fair and perfect statement of what the accused have to say in their own excuse, defence, or justification.

Resolved, That we recommend to anti-slavery societies, in the selection of members of executive committees, editors, and lecturers, a fair and proportionate selection, as nearly as practicable, from the various political parties and religious sects.

On motion of Lucretia Mott, a finance committee was appointed, who took collections for the expenses of the meeting.

The following resolutions, offered yesterday by Lucretia Mott, were called up, and after discussion by several persons, they were adopted:

Resolved, That while we disclaim ecclesiastical and political union with slaveholders, consistency, as well as adherence to principle, requires that we break the *commercial bond* which binds us in the unholy league with oppression—that we cease to build our "houses by unrighteousness, and our chambers by wrong,"—that we deny ourselves the blood-stained fruits of Slavery, and that we "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

Resolved, That the example set by the late lamented Henry Chapman & Son, of Boston, in so far "despising the gain of oppression," as to discontinue a lucrative connection in business with the South, is worthy of all imitation, and that as "the memory of the *just* is blessed," so will their light shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day" of universal freedom; revealing, to those who have not yet perceived it, the duty which rests on them to bear a like practical testimony against slaveholding.

Some resolutions were offered by C. C. Burleigh, and after some discussion and slight amendments, they were adopted as follows:

Resolved, That the self-styled Evangelical Alliance, by its virtual endorsement of the Christian character of slaveholders, and the Free Church of Scotland, by its consenting to receive the money of slaveholders, for its religious uses, have proved themselves fit buttresses for the "Bulwarks of American Slavery," and to be in one condemnation with the slaveholding and pro-slavery Church of the United States.

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the consistent and unfaltering course of our friends, Geo. Thompson, H. C. Wright, and Frederick Douglass, in their denunciation and exposure of these pro-slavery acts of British religionists, and the fidelity of their general anti-slavery testimony.

Resolved, That we cordially rejoice at the safe return of our beloved friend, William Lloyd Garrison, from his mission to the British Islands, which we believe to be eminently beneficial to the anti-slavery enterprise, and the cause of universal humanity, and that we warmly welcome him back to the post he has so long occupied in the forefront of the anti-slavery battle.

These resolutions were but briefly discussed, as it was late when they were brought up, but there was general concurrence of sentiment in them. At about half-past four o'clock the Convention adjourned.

In the evening addresses were delivered by E. Quincy and C. C. Burleigh, in the Assembly buildings.

JAMES MOTT, President.

C. M. BURLEIGH, Secretary.

From the British Friend.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND SLAVERY.

To the Editors of the British Friend:

ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—The proceedings of the self-styled "Evangelical Alliance," in relation to Slavery, have, for some time past, occupied a large share of public attention; a circumstance at which no one need feel surprised, when the deep importance of the question, in reference to millions of our fellow-creatures, is considered; and the lively interest which not only many readers of your journal, but the public generally, have long manifested in the subject.

It was evident, from the first, that from the basis of union proposed by the Alliance, members of the Society of Friends, were, upon principle, completely prevented from joining it. I am not sorry that such was the case; nay, I rejoice, in view of the action of that association on the Anti-Slavery question, that no one belonging to our society had any connection with it; and such, I feel assured, is the sentiment of the society in general.

Much has been said and written by way of apology for the course pursued by the Alliance in regard to Slavery. But with these parties, I can have no sympathy whatever. The acts of such a large body, for the most part composed of *professed ministers of Christ*, have, it may be safely affirmed, disappointed the majority of the Anti-Slavery community of this country. No matter what was the alleged or known Anti-Slavery character of a large portion of the Alliance—nor what their attempts to justify the deed to which they were consenting—ultimately expunging from the records of their proceedings, all allusion to what has been termed the *quæstio vexata* of Slavery—the only point that I would seek to fix them to is this,—Why did not every *professed* Anti-Slavery member of the Alliance, boldly, and at once, take his stand upon the success or the defeat of the simple, straightforward, and consistent amendment of JOHN HOWARD HINTON, for the exclusion of ALL slaveholders? This is *the* question. There is no escaping from it. It may be said,—Why, had *that* amendment been carried, then the American delegates would have seceded to a man; and had it been formally defeated by numbers, then its supporters must have withdrawn Well, in either case, good to the cause of the Slave would have resulted. The secession from the Alliance, of the Americans, because slaveholders were to be excluded, would have exercised a mighty influence in favour of abolition in the United States; and have hastened, incalculably, the desired consummation of liberty to the captive. On the other hand, the withdrawal of the *faithful* abolition members of this land, had the Hinton amendment been put down by numerical strength, would also have had a propelling effect on the Anti-Slavery movement; whilst the parties who had acted in uprightness and consistency, would, in their own minds, have enjoyed the happy reflection—"*We did what we could.*" As it was, the decision of the Alliance went to fortify the slaveholder's position.

The General Alliance having broken up, and the Americans having recrossed the Atlantic, the *British* branch was organized at Manchester, on the 4th of the present month, when the following resolution relative to slaveholders was adopted, viz:

"Whereas the Provisional Committee, during its session in Birmingham, resolved, that no slaveholder should be invited to attend the meeting which was to be held in London, for the formation of an Evangelical Alliance;

"And whereas it is known that some British subjects are holders of slaves;

"The British Organization, in pursuance of the course adopted by the Provisional Committee, and upon mature deliberation on the whole case, but without pronouncing any judgment on the personal Christianity of slaveholders, agree to declare that no holder of a slave shall be deemed eligible to its membership."

This resolution, so far as it goes, is good; but it is not, as I conceive, so full and comprehensive as it should have been. In the opinion of the seconder, J. H. Hinton, it applies only to British subjects who hold slaves; and the question is still left where it was, as to the principle of slaveholding under all circumstances being sinful, and whether foreign slaveholders are admissible or not. I do not see how an American holder of slaves could consistently be admitted; nor can it be consistent, that a member of the *British* Alliance should, in America, enter that branch of it, if, as in all probability will be the case, slaveholders professing Christianity are to be members. "Surely," says a Manchester paper, "those who have decided that the Friends are not admissible to the Alliance, might have mustered sufficient resolution to say whether American slaveholding, with all its horrors of breeding, selling, branding, and bloodhound-hunting, is or is not a bar to membership." Says the *Nonconformist*, "Better late than never;" in reference to the foregoing resolution—only it would have been more abundantly straightforward to have administered a practical rebuke to the American slaveholder and his apologists, before the delegates from the United States had turned their backs upon their British brethren; they should, in this matter, have been "withstood *to the face*, because they were to be blamed."

Nor is it to be doubted, that the appearance of this resolution, so soon after the breaking up of the General Alliance, has, in no small degree, been influenced by the strongly expressed feeling of the Anti-Slavery public; as elicited by the numerous and enthusiastic meetings which have been held in many parts of the kingdom, under the auspices of the "Anti-Slavery League." Much censure, I am aware, has, in some quarters, been thrown upon these parties; but, as it seems to me, very unjustly. William Lloyd Garrison has, by such persons, been deemed the chief offender; although George Thompson, also, has not been forgotten in their denunciations.

The "Anti-Slavery League" arose out of the mission of William Lloyd Garrison to this country, whither he was invited by a body of Abolitionists in Glasgow, as appears by a pamphlet before me, "to cheer them by his presence, and encourage them by his counsels." The occurrence of such unhappy proceedings, in their adverse influence on the cause of bleeding humanity in America, as those of the "Evangelical Alliance," could not fail to claim, from such devoted friends of the bondman, as William Lloyd Garrison and his coadjutors of the "Anti-Slavery League," their most earnest attention and consideration; and being in their opinion, hostile to the cause of universal freedom, they laboured ardently and industriously, during his sojourn in this country, to counteract, as far as in them lay, the injurious effect of the Alliance. And I trust the "League" will continue to evince an ever-wakeful attention, to keep before the public, the crying abominations of Slavery in America; and may the day soon come, when, as in the case of *another* League, they shall, through the blessings of a merciful Providence, witness their efforts crowned with similar success.

Some ten years ago, a pamphlet appeared in this country, entitled, "The American Churches the Bulwarks of American Slavery." The announcement was a startling one; and who, it may be asked, first made it? not William Lloyd Garrison, but James Gillespie Birney; a member, if I mistake not, of the Presbyterian Church; formerly a slaveholder, and recently, if not still, the Anti-Slavery candidate for the Presidency of the United States! Now, how comes it, that the cry of "Infidel" is rung against William Lloyd Garrison, for exposing the pro-slavery character of the American churches and clergy, while others have gone quite as far, if not farther than he, in *their* exposure of the anomaly; undeniably true as it is—that *no power out of the Church could sustain Slavery for an hour, if it were not sustained in it!* Hear Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia:

Let all evangelical denominations but follow the simple example of the Quakers in this country, and Slavery would soon come to an end. There is not vital energy enough—there is not power or influence of numbers enough *out of the Church*, to sustain it. Let every religious denomination in the land *detach itself* from all connection with Slavery, without saying a word against others; let the time come when in all the mighty denominations of Christians, it can be announced that *the evil has ceased with them forever*; and let the voice of each denomination be lifted up in kind but firm and solemn testimony against the system—with no "mealy" words; with no attempt at apology; with no effort to throw the sacred shield of religion over so great an evil, and the work is done. There is no public sentiment in this land—there could be none created—that would resist such a testimony: THERE IS NO POWER OUT OF THE CHURCH THAT COULD SUSTAIN SLAVERY AN HOUR, IF IT WERE NOT SUSTAINED IN IN.

Foremost, it may be said, in this cry—and the saying is for a lamentation to many—stands the editor of the "*Christian* Witness;" one from whom *better* things, assuredly, might have been expected—and things that accompany charity and truth. As confirmatory of the statements of William Lloyd Garrison, and in answer to the unwarranted aspersions of the "Witness," I would adduce the following:

"The severity which casts reproach upon American religion, is condemned by the *Christian Witness* as identical with Infidelity. The very writer who does this would probably see no harm in describing 'Hierarchal religion' in the strongest terms of reprobation. Why a man should be hunted down as an enemy of Christianity, who uses harsh expressions against churches confessedly 'steeped in guilt,' is not very clear to us. But since Mr. Garrison's testimony is too violent and sweeping to please, we beg to present, as substantially confirmatory of his charge, the following extract from a letter of a gentleman, for whose intelligence, integrity, and devotedness to Christian truth, we can fully vouch—an Englishman, who has now been thirteen years resident in the United States—a long standing member, too, of an evangelical church:

I cannot help being a little jealous of your London Congregational Union. I hope it will not turn out a Bench of Bishops. We have a great deal of that here, in all denominations. Our denominational organizations are very compact, and assume amusing airs and a high-toned dictation. But with all their jealous care of ecclesiastical authority, they are obliged to look round slyly to see how their decrees please us. This is true of Congregationalism, as well as other isms; and, *as all are much dependent on the slavocracy of the South, this is the great secret of that abominable, soul-destroying, heaven-defying shelter, which these organizations have uniformly and pertinaciously given to Slavery.* But even these have been forced to yield to the pressure from without, and say and *appear* to do, something—as little as possible, of course. This has been done so late that it has never saved their character, and frequently, not prevented large secessions from their denominations. Only think of one of the *reverend* assemblies spending nearly three days in *discussing*, for their denomination, and settling in the affirmative, the question whether a member should be excluded for marrying his deceased wife's sister, and then refusing, by a large majority, to *entertain* the question, whether the woman-whipping, child-stealing, men-destroying, God-defying slaveholder shall be a member of their (surely not Christ's) church. This is Presbyterianism; Methodism and Bishopism are a shade worse; and Congregationalism and Baptism a shade better only till lately. We have a second Frederick Douglass (Henry Bibb) now lecturing in the States. I sent him some of your English newspapers, containing the account of the former. I have been amused with some of our "Yankee" friends quailing under the lash when reading the English cries of "Shame, shame," on the American slaveholding churches. Go on! Pray, go on; and make, if possible, every slaveholder and slave-upholder in America hear you. They cannot possibly bear it. You cannot conceive what an influence it has here."—*Patriot.*

It appears to be raising up a new kind of test, to say that because individuals of different religious belief are associated in works of benevolence, they are to be held as *necessarily* subscribing to, or approving of, or being responsible for, the views of each other, how repugnant soever to their minds, such views may be. Hitherto, professors of almost every denomination, have agreed to labour for the promotion of benevolent enterprises, without setting up each his *Shibboleth*; no one being understood to be answerable for the opinions of his coadjutor, yet all agreeing to unite in forwarding a common object. I need only appeal to the case of the Bible, the Educational, and Anti-Slavery societies. What would have been thought of the man who, on the ground of difference of religious sentiment, would have refused to join with RICHARD COBDEN, and got up against him the senseless cry of *Infidel*; or a similar cry against JOHN BRIGHT; and, on such a pretext, have declined to unite for obtaining corn law repeal? So with William Lloyd Garrison. The question is not, what are his religious opinions, but is he a true, an uncompromising advocate of freedom to the slave? He asks no man what are his opinions in theology; whatever these may be, does not consider himself as approving them, because the other agrees, on abolition principles, to co-operate with him. Nor, on the other hand, does he expect his fellow-labourers to sanction any views, on other subjects, however conscientiously held by him. No—it is his unflinching fidelity to the cause of the oppressed slave, that excites against him alike the hatred of the slaveholder, and the prejudice and slander of pro-slavery men and their apologists and abettors.

Happily there are those, who, on such occasions, prove themselves superior to vulgar prejudice, and refuse to be influenced by unfounded calumnies. I have just perused an account, in the *Patriot*, a London Newspaper, of one of the meetings of the "Anti-Slavery League," held at Edinburgh, on the 21st ultimo; from which I make the following extract:—

By the hour appointed for the meeting on Tuesday night, the large church in Brighton street was crowded from floor to ceiling, aisles and avenues, by a deeply interested auditory. John Wigham, Esq. a highly respectable member of the Society of Friends, having been called to the chair, said: Before introducing to you, as one of the speakers this evening, my friend, W. L. Garrison, I wish to say, finding that he has many enemies who have not hesitated to traduce his character, that I have taken some pains to get to the bottom of the allegations that have been brought against him. With regard to the political sentiments of our friend, I do not feel qualified to speak decidedly, as I am not thoroughly acquainted with the laws of the United States; perhaps I should not entirely agree with him on all particular points, but the principal and most unfounded charge that has been brought against him is, that he is an Infidel as it regards the Christian religion. I have satisfied myself that this is utterly false, and if any man should dare to say that he is an unbeliever in the divinity of Christ, and his attributes, as set forth in the New Testament, I would call for the proof. The facts are principally these, that W. L. Garrison has been an earnest anti-slavery leader for the last fourteen or fifteen years. He has published a newspaper all that time, and has severely lashed the pro-slavery men of all parties, among whom were found in the foremost ranks, many of the clergy; they, in particular, it is said, threw out insinuations against him. I do not mean to say, that W. L. Garrison has always been so guarded in his expressions as would have been best. I have seen articles in the *Liberator*, which I thought injudiciously expressed—too strong—too sweeping. I do not admire harsh expressionss, even where they may be deserved.—There is great allowance, however, for persons placed as he has been. I felt this strongly the other night, when, talking on the subject of Slavery with a member of the society to which I belong, who resides at Philadelphia. You know James Buffum; a more straightforward man I do not know. I will read to you what he says of W. L. Garrison. This letter is dated, October 1, 1846: "I hope you will have an opportunity to become well acquainted with W. L. Garrison. If you knew him as well as I do, you would think him one of the best men in the world. If a pure life and a loving heart towards all men be anything; if to stand up in the face of persecution, and to count not his life dear to himself, that he may rebuke a guilty nation and plead the cause of the oppressed; if to deal his bread to the hungry, and hide the outcast, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, be anything to excite our admiration, then we ought to love and respect him. As to his life, it is as good as the best. For fifteen years his enemies have tried in vain to find the slightest stain upon his moral character, and that is something." I believe W. L. Garrison to be not only a first-day, but an every-day Christian, bringing forth good fruits, and thus striving to glorify his God and Saviour. (Loud cheers.)

The report goes on to state, that Frederick Douglass having delivered an interesting address—

Mr. GARRISON then briefly addressed the meeting, and, in the most feeling manner, alluded to the unjust and ungenerous reports which had been propagated against his life and principles by unknown enemies. As regards his religious principles, he rested all his hopes for time and eternity upon Christ, and Christ alone, and, without any boastful feeling, he referred his malevolent enemies, and all mankind, to his life and conversation, as evidence of religious profession. (The feeling and interesting speech of Mr. Garrison was responded to by the meeting with the most enthusiastic cheering.)

The CHAIRMAN then rose, and, in the name of the anti-slavery ladies of Edinburgh, presented a splendid silver tea-service, of exquisite workmanship, to Mr. Garrison, amidst the prolonged cheering of the crowded auditory. The following is the inscription upon the several articles:—

"Presented to William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, U. S.

"By the friends of freedom in Edinburgh, as an expression of their gratitude for their unwearied and successful efforts in the cause of the slave; and for his labours in exposing the cruelty and wickedness of Slavery.

"Edinburgh, October 21st, 1846."

"Job, 29th chapter, 11th, 12th, and 13th verses;—'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me:—Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

Mr. GARRISON returned a suitable reply.

Such a testimonial as the foregoing, at once to the character of William Lloyd Garrison, and to the value of his labours in the cause of emancipation, ought to put to blush those who have so industriously circulated statements to his disadvantage. His visit will live long in the remembrance of his friends, and of the advocates of freedom in this nation; and his name will be handed down to future generations as one of the most honoured among the benefactors of our race. It has been, in all ages, the lot of those who sought to reform mankind, to meet with misrepresentation, calumny, and abuse; the world thus proving, that of *such* men it "was not worthy"—yet, strong in faith, these "held on their way;" and, being "men of clean hands, they waxed stronger and stronger."

"You may seek in vain among the mightiest reformers and philanthropists of the earth for *faithless* men. 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' Faith sets a man on objects that never occur to the unbelieving, (or the infidel,) dissipates a thousand difficulties that exist only in imaginations commanded by listless or opposing wills, and braces the energies for work or woe. It has been the lot of the wisest workers for their race to toil amidst reproach and opposition. "Of whom the world was not worthy," is a pregnant sentence, which may be added to any list of far-sighted and noble-spirited seekers of human improvement. The world has needed them—the world has ever been an object large and valuable enough to justify their zeal—the world has always received ultimately the full benefit of their services—they have generally had posthumous justice done them, though long delayed; but the men of their own generations have failed to understand their meaning and appreciate their excellencies. They have had to suffer from *misapprehension* in some quarters, and *misrepresentation* in others. Their wisdom has been foolishness—their firmness, obstinacy—their courage, recklessness. But calm perseverance, singleness of purpose, and fidelity to truth, have had their reward. "Wisdom is justified," sooner or later, "of all her children." The consequences of patient doing of God's will appear in many a case. *We* can compare the results of undaunted toil with what would have been the results of a consultation with "flesh and blood." Had Luther listened to the warnings of the timid and half-enlightened—had Howard allowed the cold-hearted to laugh him out of his philanthropy—had any of the great leaders and promoters of the movements that have most benefited humanity given in to the suggestions of short-sighted policy and wavering principle, in what a different condition would now be the several causes which they loved, and lived to serve! But what now gains them glory, once cost them reputation, ease, liberty, and life. They rise by falling; like Samson, their mightiest work was often done by self-destruction. They would have failed, had they not failed. They seemed to incur an absurd loss; they were really making a large investment. They appeared to throw away precious corn; they were really scattering most fruitful seed. And thus it always is, and, till a much better state of the world arrive, thus it always will be."—*Nonconformist.*

Tusting you will excuse the length at which I fear I have trespassed on your valuable space, I remain your friend. J. S.

11th month, 25th, 1846.

WISKONSAN.—The Territory of Wiskonsan comprises an area of something like eighty or ninety thousand square miles, large enough to form two great States. By the ordinance of 1787 it was provided that but five States should be organized in the region lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; or what is now known as the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, and the Territory of Wiskonsan. It is, however, very desirable to divide Wiskonsan, and to attain that end without violating the ordinance, it is proposed to divide it by a line running nearly due north from the Mississippi to Lake Superior, and a bill to that effect has been introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Martin, Delegate from Wiskonsan. He proposes to christen the new Territory Minesota, (Mi-ne-so-ta,) and, in some few years, if sanctioned by Congress, it will be cleared, settled, peopled, and covered with a network of railroads and canals, and become a powerful State, represented in the Federal Congress by two Senators and a legion of members.

A strong opposition to the measure may be expected from the South.—*Buff. Com. Adv.*

SPEECH OF MR. GIDDINGS.

We make room for a small portion of the speech of Mr. Giddings, on the Mexican war. The whole of his speech is, as usual, clear, bold, and uncompromising:

But, Sir, what is the amount of money thus due to our people, for the recovery of which the President represents this war to have been commenced and carried on? I believe it is less than three millions of dollars. We have already expended more than thirty millions in this war; and, by this message, we are asked to appropriate twenty more. This vast expenditure is said to have been made with a view to extort *three* millions from Mexico. But this fifty millions is but a part of the pecuniary loss which the nation must suffer. The time of every man engaged in this war is lost, yea, worse than lost. The amount of injury to our commerce, and to the business of the country, by diverting the circulating medium from its legitimate channels, cannot be estimated. But the whole pecuniary damage constitutes but a small portion of our real loss. The effect which this war is destined to exert upon the morals of our people is far more to be deplored than its effect upon property. Again: How can we estimate the anguish and suffering of our sick, and wounded, and dying soldiers? How shall we compute their agonies and despair? Go, count the graves of those whose lives have been sacrificed to recover this three millions of dollars. Then number the widows and the orphans, and ascertain their griefs, their poverty, their disappointed hopes, and blighted expectations. Add these to the whole loss and suffering which this war has brought upon our land. Then proceed to Mexico; form a catalogue of the crimes committed there by our troops, and ascertain the amount of pecuniary, physical, and mental suffering, inflicted upon her people. Find the sum total, and compare it with the three millions of dollars for which we are contending; strike the balance, and then judge of the *policy and humanity* of this war, and of those who sanction it.

But, Sir, the Executive never assigned the non-payment of this money as a cause of war until after hostilities were commenced. Our troops had invaded Mexico. The battles of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma" had been fought before this reason for commencing the war appears to have been discovered. It did not, therefore, operate to bring on the war. It was an after-thought, subsequently brought forth to justify it. But here, again, the different parts of the message do not sustain each other. In the forepart of that document the author says, "*Mexico commenced hostilities,*" and, in the latter part, he goes into a long argument to show that we had good cause for commencing the war, and tacitly admits that *we did, in fact*, commence it. But I have only time to touch upon some of the interesting points of the message. I have no opportunity, under this hour rule, to go into detail.

I have stated the amount of moneys already expended, and now asked, for carrying on this war.—The President avows his intention to hold the territory which we have conquered until Mexico shall repay us this expenditure. We have waged an unnecessary and unjust war upon a weak and defenceless republic. We have squandered untold millions in its prosecution; and now the President expresses his intention to rob Mexico of her territory, unless she repays the money we have so profusely spent. This we all know she can never do. The avowal, thereof, amounts to a declaration of the President's intention to render it a war of conquest. Indeed, we have abundant evidence of such intention.

During the darker ages, and among savage nations, such a war might have been tolerated; but it will surely be condemned by all Christian nations of the 19th century. Such a war is opposed to the sentiment of the age in which we live. Sir, I would as soon lend my vote to commence a system of national robbery or piracy, as I would to support a war commenced for the evident purpose of wresting from a neighbouring Government a portion of her territory. But how much Mexican territory does the President think it will require to indemnify us for our expenditure? How much land will he demand for the two thousand American citizens whose lives have been sacrificed in this war?

Again, Sir, is the President and his friends conscious that the public lands in the slave States have never paid the expenses of surveying and selling them? They have cost us forty millions of dollars more than we have been able to sell them for. Every acre has been an expense to us. Nearly the entire profits arising from the sale of lands in the free States has been expended to supply the expense of those in the slave States. Such will be the case with those acquired in Mexico. The more territory we get there the greater will be the loss. A standing army must be maintained to hold the people in subjection to our laws. With the expenses of the lands and maintenance of an army, burdens will be incurred, that are to sit like an incubus upon the nation for coming generations. And the more territory we get the greater will be the expense. Under these circumstances, I leave it for the supporters of this war to determine upon the amount of territory it will require to satisfy us for the money we have paid out for its support.

But, Sir, this is an *Executive war.* It was commenced by his orders. He directed our army to leave "Corpus Christi," to enter the Mexican settlements, and to take a position upon the "Rio Grande," without advising with Congress. It was under his orders that the battles of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma" were fought. The lamented Ringgold, and those who fell with him in those sanguinary conflicts, together with those who bled at Fort Brown, were victims to his unhallowed ambition. For their loss he is responsible at the bar of public sentiment. Before the people of this nation I charge him with their murder. The imprecations of those who were there rendered widows, and of those made orphans, and of those who were there rendered childless, must in coming time rest on him. And in the day of final retribution the blood of our slaughtered countrymen will be required at his hands. In that dread responsibility I will take no share. Against this war, in all its forms, I ever have, and ever shall, put forth my humble, but my earnest efforts.

A few days since, a political friend of the President in debate on this floor complained that the religious sentiment of the nation had been invoked against this war. Sir, every principle of our holy religion comes in conflict with this war. What, Sir, will you talk to Christians about sending an army to invade a neighbouring nation? To shoot down our brethren of Mexico upon their own soil? To storm their fortifications, to cannonade their cities, to involve whole families, consisting of all ages and of both sexes, in those revolting scenes of blood and slaughter, which were witnessed at Monterey and at Tobasco? Can we expect Christians to remain silent while reading the dark list of damning crimes which have been committed upon a weak and distracted people, by those armed ruffians and murderers, who have been commissioned by this Government to make war upon our fellow-beings on the other side of the Rio Grande? If we credit the intelligence we receive from the army, (and I am informed of no reason why we should doubt it,) defenceless females are violated, and unarmed peasants are shot down like brutes. Whose blood does not curdle in his veins, when reading such accounts as have lately been sent forth from our army? We have probably all noticed the account lately published where the females of a family were insulted and abused by those belonging to the army.—During the night one of the offenders, a Texan officer, was assassinated, and in the morning his body was discovered. The "Texan Rangers" were said to have gone forth, and to have *shot and murdered from eighty to one hundred unarmed and innocent peasants*, in revenge for the death of their guilty comrade. These murderers, these worse than murderers, are paid by the freemen of this nation. They are sent there by our President under pretence of maintaining our national honour, while they thus disgrace humanity. Is it expected that the religious sensibilities of our people will slumber in silence, while our nation thus "reeks with crimes which smell to heaven?" Will the President and his supporters smother the religious feelings of the nation? Will they silence the voice of those whose vocation is to proclaim "*peace on earth and good will to men?*" It appears to me that moral darkness has spread over our land, or these things would not have passed by so silently. I regret to say that the clergy have not spoken on this subject as becomes the "*ministers of the gospel of peace.*" The history of the world shows that national crimes have ever been followed by national judgments. This Government has hurried to premature graves, without any just cause, at least four thousand human beings, who had committed no crime; neither had they offended us, or our Government. Many thousands in this Government and in Mexico have been clad in mourning, and afflicted with the loss of husbands, brothers, and sons. And can we hope to escape the penalty so manifestly due for our national crimes? Do we expect that the immutable law of justice will be suspended or repealed, in order that our nation may pass unpunished? Sir, I would earnestly invoke every preacher of the Gospel, every professor of our holy religion, every lover of his country, to put forth his utmost influence to stop this tide of crime, of physical and moral death, now rolling over Mexico.

But a most interesting question is soon to be presented to the members of this body. We shall in a few days be called on to provide the means for carrying on this war. To authorize the sending of more troops to that Mexican golgotha, and to appropriate the money of our people to continue the crimes and murders now committed there. Sir, I speak for myself, and for my constituents, when I say, that no earthly power will induce me to vote away the life of a single soldier to carry on this attempt to subjugate Mexico, by butchering her people. No, Sir; were I to do it, my people would, in my opinion, immediately call on me to resign my seat here, that it may be filled by one who would use his efforts to frustrate them from the guilt of this unholy war. I am aware that many of my political friends voted for the appropriations demanded at the last session. That vote was given under peculiar circumstances. We were not allowed time to compare views, or to discuss the propriety of the measure. Our troops were said to be surrounded by the Mexican forces, and liable to be cut off. I therefore can easily see why gentlemen should then differ in opinions on the subject. But we are now placed under different circumstances. Our army having conquered one city after another, and one State after another, is now in the interior of Mexico, holding possession of her towns and States. We know that it is a war of conquest, commenced and carried on for the purpose of dismembering Mexico. Now, with all these facts before me, were I to vote for the appropriation of men and money to continue this wicked and murderous war, and to carry out these designs, I feel before heaven that I should make myself a party to it. I feel that I should become involved in the crimes and bloodshed of those we send there. That act must be done by others, if done at all. I dare not participate in it. I am aware that some, who view the war as I do urge, that as the nation is now engaged in it, we ought to help to carry it forward by voting supplies of men and money. I do not see the force of the argument. If it be in fact a wicked and unjust war, it follows, that the longer it is carried on the greater will be the wickedness and the injustice of those who continue it. But it is said that to press the war with vigour will be the shortest mode of obtaining a just and honourable peace. If the war be unjust and dishonourable, I am wholly unable to discover how a vigorous prosecution of it, and a consequent increase of injustice and wrong, can, in the nature of things, be right or proper. On the contrary, every pang we inflict, every life we sacrifice in this miserable war, must increase our guilt, and consequently our disgrace. There is but one way for the friends of our country and of humanity to do. That is, to use our efforts to stop the war, to withdraw our army from Mexican territory, and to tender to her honourable terms of peace. If then she rejects our offer, and assails us, there will be but one voice and one mind on the subject of defending our country. I am aware that it is said by some that war is popular. I know that to be an error, so far as concerns Northern Ohio, and such portions of other States as I have travelled in since this war has existed. Its advocates are few, and they are daily becoming less. The people can find no possible reason why their moral purity should be sacrificed by its crimes, or their pecuniary interests to its support. They can see no good cause why a debt should be contracted that shall rest upon their children, and perhaps upon their children's children. That this feeling has taken deep hold of the public mind, is shown by the result of the late elections.—That feeling is destined to extend and spread, until those who brought this war upon us shall be driven from the high places of the nation. But it is said that we must press the war or surrender up the conquests we have made. I reply, those conquests are robberies, and the sooner they are given up the better for our country. When, in 1776, such an argument was advanced in the House of Commons, in regard to the war then waged against our colonies by Great Britain, Mr. Fox said:

"The noble Lord who moved the amendment said that we were in the dilemma of conquering or abandoning America. If we are reduced to that, I am for abandoning America."

I, Sir, am for abandoning Mexico at once. Let our troops be withdrawn immediately, and let peace be made. But the President informs the nation, that the war will be pressed until Mexico shall yield to our demands! Mr. Burke, in answer to a similar remark respecting the war against us, in 1776, in the House of Commons, said:

"You simply tell the colonists to lay down their arms, and then you will do just as you please. Could the most cruel conquerer say less? Had you conquered the devil himself in hell, could you be less liberal? No."

I would change the language, and inquire, could the devil himself offer more revolting terms? Believe you that Mexico will treat with us at the point of the bayonet? Are eight millions of freemen thus easily lashed into submission? Sir, were I a Mexican, as I am an American, I would never yield while a foreign soldier remained upon the soil of my country. But I am admonished that my brief hour is nearly exhausted. I wish to say to our Whig friends, that the course of conduct which I have prescribed for myself in regard to this war has the high sanction of the Whigs in the British Parliament, when that nation waged an unjust war against ourselves. They, Sir, exhibited no timid policy, no faltering in the course which they thought duty required them to pursue. I will give some extracts from the debates in both Houses of Parliament during that war, and should I ever write out my remarks, I may furnish more than I now have time to read.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. ROOT.

Mr. Root, of Ohio, has made a capital speech in the House, on the war. The whole of it was straightforward and to the point, but we can make room only for an extract from the report in the National Intelligencer:

But how long did they mean to carry on this war? We were, it seemed, to go on till the expenses of the war were paid. But the longer we went on with it the greater would the expenses be. And how, at the close, would they make up their account of them? Would they charge only the money actually spent? Or did they mean to include all the old scows that had been sunk—all the old horses that had been maimed, or had been frightened away in the night? Did they mean to charge nothing for the brave men who perished before the cannon's mouth, and whose blood bedewed the Mexican battle-fields? Were we to charge nothing for them, and yet charge for the beasts and the old scows? Or if they meant to charge for our sacrificed citizen soldiers, how much a head would they charge for the men killed? [A voice: "160 acres of land."] Yes; he supposed that might be the valuation in some quarters. But no; do not submit that question to the House—go to the mourning mothers—go to their destitute, their helpless orphans, and to their

heart-broken wives—and let them fix the amount: and we should have enough against Mexico to swallow up her last acre.

We all knew that when a great battle had been fought everybody was talking about the glory, and the name of the victorious general went from mouth to mouth as a watchword of the national honour; but who talked or who thought of the poor fellows who filled a nameless grave? We did not hear of them. They did but each count one in the list of killed and buried. But *somebody* was to settle for all these. Somebody must square up—must foot the bill. If the widows and the orphans could not, God, (said Mr. R.) will send the bill to you. And you cannot dodge then. You cannot say, "I did not get the letter; Mr. Marcy did not send it to me in time." No, no; that will not do there; you must square up. Gentlemen might perhaps think that the judge would not take a case against such respectable defendents; but they had sent one case of appeal into that court already, and gentlemen had better be getting ready.

But perhaps Mexico would not allow us so large a sum. What, then, would the Administration do? Drive her to the wall? prosecute the war still further? march on to the city of Mexico itself? What if they did? Suppose we presented ourselves before their last refuge. What then? We should there find that old genuine Castilian spirit that shone so brightly in their fathers in old Spain. The cry would be, no surrender! no capitulation! but war to the knife! They might there behold, as was seen in Saragossa, the priests laying aside their sacerdotal garments and hallowing the war by participating in it in person: they would there see the daughter making a freewill offering of her ornaments, and delivering them up to the crucible to be cast into balls to be fired into the ranks of their country's invaders, crying, "there! take to your bosom what you so much covet."

And what after this? When we had their last stronghold, what then? Must we still go on and exterminate the race without regard to age, or sex, or condition? Would we make the country a desert that we might be the owners of its deserted soil? If not, if gentlemen would stop short of this, then how much short of it? Would they insist on half? or two-thirds? or three-quarters?

And after they got the country, how were they to govern it? what would they do with it? The gentleman from New-York said, bring it into the Union; establish your civil authority over it. Be it so: and what then? Should it be a free country, or a country of slaves? Gentlemen must be ready to meet that question, for it would surely come. Mr. R. was ready; and he here told Northern men, every one, that meet it they must. It would not do then to be sick; or to have your family sick; or to have particular business to attend to at home. They must be at their posts, and they must vote, and vote right; they must do their whole duty, as with God's help, Mr. R. should do his.

There was no division of sentiment at the North. On this question the whole North went as one man. Northern men in that House would have to stand up to the mark, and do the will of their constituents. And then, if the men of the South did as he doubted not they would do, as they had a perfect right to do, and as they ever had done, what was to come of it? He blamed them not. He wished to God Northern men had stood up to their duty as the South had done for years past. But they must do it when that question came: they must be here: the thing must be attended to. It would not do to dodge the question.

It might be said, perhaps, that the Democratic party had a way of stopping dissension among political friends. Mr. R. knew well how powerful their party means always were when the time of need came; but he doubted whether the gag would do on this question, as it had done, in recognizing the existence of war with Mexico. And even if they tried it, regardless of the cost, what would it avail? The people would not keep still; they could not be gagged; they would not cease to agitate; and they would make their voice heard. Jonathan was hard to provoke; but when once you did get him up, he remained at a dead white heat for a long while. And then, if a representative faltered, wo to him! The President had not a land office so far off in the wilderness, nor a sub-treasury so dark and deep; no, nor a foreign mission so distant in the furthest ends of the sea, where he could screen that man from the awakened wrath of the American people; it would burn after him and his children, to the third and to the fourth generation.

Were gentlemen ready for this? Did they count upon a compromise? We had had one compromise upon that question when the Union was shaken to its centre; but the man whose labours effected it was not here. He had given gentlemen timely warning, but they disregarded it, and now they must take the consequences.

For himself, Mr. R. would avoid the danger. He would have prevented the war, but that he could not do; now he would stop the war, for he would preserve the Union.

Now, it was known that we had a set of anti-slavery war men here. The House had heard from one of them this morning. These anti-slavery war men went for prosecuting the war with vigour, and then, when we had whipped Mexico, and got enough of her territory, to exclude Slavery from it. But it might prove to be a fact, that when the time of treaty-making came, they might miss the opportunity of taking their stand against the further extension of the slave power. They relied on the opportunity of restricting the action of the Government by a second edition of the Wilmot resolution, and they counted on the same result. They regarded the Democracy now as the Democracy had regarded them at the Baltimore Convention. They went into the trap with their eyes open; they bit at the naked hook, trusting that the party would draw them out. But he warned them that they would have rebellion in their own camp. The Thanes would fly from them, and these very men might, perchance, find themselves humbugged once more. One Baltimore Convention was not enough, but they would find the President had made a treaty, by which all the conquered territory was surrendered without condition. Let it be remembered he had the initiative in all such transactions. Did they think the President would insist on any anti-slavery provision? Not he. He would carefully keep the door open for the extension of Slavery, if he could. They might calculate on this; he would make such a treaty, and the Senate would confirm it. The cry might again be, "Look to the Senate!" Yes, and they might look in vain. What would they do then? How would they help themselves? What would become of that glorious stand they were to take?

All he had to say to those gentlemen was, look to it in time. Those gentlemen who had been so silent here, who dared not open their mouth to resist the course of the administration on that floor, when the time and day of trial came, might find that the whole affair had been done at the White House, and their anti-slavery protest would never be heard of again.

For the opinions he had avowed here, and for the vote he had given against the war, he had been violently denounced. He was rebuked for it the very next day by a gentleman from New-York; and so endeared had he been by that rebuke to his own constituents that they had taken him to themselves. After the 4th of March next, they wanted him at home. [Loud laughter.] Denounced as he was, Mr. R. had been put up in his district as the people's candidate; he had had a strong opponent; but he went up boldly to the polls and had told the voters the vote he had given; he had told them further that he had no apology to offer for it, but, on the contrary, if re-elected, he should do so again. That if they wanted to give the President any help in extending the area of Slavery, he was not the man to do it. In 1844, the Whigs recaptured the district from the enemy, and took all their posts and establishments by more than five hundred majority. The contest had turned chiefly on the vote for himself, as a candidate for re-election. His old, gray-headed colleague, who found himself so much praised by gentlemen on the other side, knew it all to be true, and Mr. R. had been returned for the next Congress by very nearly one thousand majority. So much for what his constituents thought of his course. But that was all over at home. But, coming here, he found the old threadbare charge reiterated against him, and re-echoed by every little paltry seven-by-nine Locofoco print, and every brawling bar-room politician. He was condemned here, but by whom? He found the condemnation of his course in the President's message; but that portion of it had excited but one feeling through the country—that of shame and humiliation, that the Chief Magistrate of such a country, occupying as he did the chair once filled by Washington, should condemn the conduct of his fellow-citizens on a charge so base. It was base in more respects than one. It was not boldly and openly made. It wanted an *innuendo* to make it go in a prosecution for slander. If he wanted to say that those who opposed the war were traitors, let him speak it plainly. When Mr. R. looked at the author of this charge, and saw him intriguing with Santa Anna—a man distinguished by a larger amount of talent, and a deeper hatred to the United States than any and all other men in Mexico, he asked whether that was not giving "aid and comfort" to an enemy? But how happened it that this President came out and peached on his accomplice, and made such a declaration before the whole world? If that betrayal ever reached Santa Anna, he would doubtless hold that such an act of treachery ought to consign a man to the gallows. Everybody knows that such peaching on an accomplice as that would not be tolerated even in Newgate. No; the President, if he would engage in such a plot, should, at least, have died "game," and not peached on his confederate. *Old* Hickory would never have done that. He would have said, "Never! by the Eternal." [Laughter.]

From the Houston Telegraph.

NEW GERMAN SETTLEMENT IN TEXAS.

We learn from Mr. Johnson, that the German emigrants have opened a new settlement on the Llano, about sixty miles above Fredericksburg, that is rapidly improving. The land in the valley of the Llano is found to be remarkably productive, and the climate is considered even more healthy than that of New Braunfels or Fredericksburg. The region is elevated probably a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the Gulf. The air is remarkably pure and invigorating, and it is believed the emigrants from the mountainous regions of Europe will enjoy as good health here as in their native climate. The garden vegetables that have been cultivated thrive remarkably well, and the settlers, with commendable forethought, prepared gardens for the culture of the most useful culinary vegetables immediately after they had built their houses. The consequence is, that they have a greater abundance of vegetables than most of the old settlers of our frontier. They have suffered no molestation from the Indians. Most of the men are well armed, and as small parties are generally engaged in hunting about the settlements, the savages probably fear to approach the houses, lest they should be intercepted by some of these hunting parties of the emigrants. It is worthy of notice that since the settlements have been established on the Pierdinales and Llano, the settlements around New Braunfels have enjoyed an almost complete immunity from the forays of Indians.

We understand that another new settlement will soon be formed on the San Saba, which will be regarded as the capital of the colony; and the most extensive preparations are in progress to render it the great point of attraction to all the colonists from Europe. The fertile and healthy valley of the San Saba is considered capable of sustaining a population of at least half a million of souls. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, and all the most valuable cereal grains can here be cultivated as advantageously as in the best grain growing regions of the globe. The apple, pear, peach, and the choicest varieties of grapes can also doubtless be cultivated in this section to advantage. It is believed, also, that the Merino and Saxony sheep can be raised in the hilly and mountainous regions toward the sources of the San Saba, as well as in Spain or Saxony, and that they will yield wool of an excellent quality.

German enterprise is opening in the wilds of Texas sources of wealth and happiness that already bid fair to rival, if they do not exceed, those of the most flourishing Anglo-American settlements of the West. New Braunfels, although but one or two years have elapsed since it was founded, already rivals in population and resources many of the oldest and largest towns of the State. It is still rapidly improving. Preparations have been made to erect a large flouring mill and saw-mill in the town, and it is not improbable that in a few years, the bright leaping waters of the Comal will be turned from their flowery banks amid a labyrinth of factories, and ring with the busy hum of thousands of looms and spinning-jennies.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

MOST BASE AND DISGRACEFUL.

Many dastardly acts have been perpetrated in our mob-ruled city, but none within the scope of our knowledge has ever been attempted, all the circumstances considered, more contemptibly flagitious than that brought to light in the following card, which appears in this morning's papers:

☞ "*Particular Notice.—Postponement.*—The *Hutchinson Family* would respectfully apprise the public that their vocal entertainment, advertised for this evening, December 30th, *will not take place.* The Musical Fund Hall was engaged by them for the purpose of holding a series of concerts, which were to have been concluded next week. But *since* the announcement of the entertainment for this evening, the trustees of said Hall have given notice that, at the warning of the Mayor, the admission of persons of colour could *not* be allowed, and would be positively prohibited. As this was no part of their contract, and as they could not do any act that would seem to sanction such a course, without compromising one of their well-known and most cherished principles, they therefore, under the circumstances, feel themselves virtually excluded from the Hall.

"Purchasers of tickets for this evening's entertainment can have their money refunded for said tickets at the places where purchased.

"PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30th, 1846."

We are at a loss for words with which to characterize this transaction. The card only tells part of the story: all the circumstances need to be known in order to form a proper appreciation of the outrage. It is too near the time of our going to press, however, to go into a minute detail of the facts, but the main ones are in brief as follows:

The Hutchinsons came to this city about two weeks since, according to previous announcement, to give a series of concerts. The Musical Fund Hall was engaged for their use, and the public was on tip-toe to hear them. They had always been great favourites with the lovers of true music and moral purity in this city, and the brilliant reputation they had acquired since their last visit, which was nearly two years ago, made their numerous friends and others still more desirous again to hear them. Their first concert was crowded to excess, and their songs were listened to with the most rapturous applause. The same was true of their second and third concerts—with the exception, that the crowd was not so excessive, and that mingled with the plaudits of the audience were heard here and there a few faint hisses. The occasion of these, was their singing—according to announcement in their programme, and according to their invariable usage at all their previous concerts—of one or two pieces of an anti-slavery character.

In addition to these hardly noticeable exhibitions of displeasure on the part of a few might be observed in the countenances of a still smaller number, slight manifestations of restiveness at the presence of a few respectable coloured persons, who, according to the well-known practice with the Hutchinson family, were admitted, on paying the usual price, to the enjoyments of the concert. Everything went off well, and every night the singers were cheered by their large and respectable audiences, with the strongest testimonials of approbation.

On Saturday evening, however, about the time of opening the Hall, Mr. Jesse Hutchinson, who attends to the business concerns of the family, and who makes it part of his duty to keep the door, was waited upon by a person understood to be the Mayor's clerk, and notified that he must make arrangements to exclude all coloured people, or there would be a mob. Mr. H. replied that they could not make any such arrangement in consistence with their principles or sense of propriety. He was afterwards informed that if he did not the Mayor would do it for him—else there would be a mob. His reply was—"the Mayor must then come and do it, for I shall not." This was the substance of the conversation. The clerk left. Coloured people (a few highly respectable ones only presenting themselves) were admitted; no mob came, neither did the Mayor; the concert went off—with the exception of a slightly increased hissing when Anti-Slavery sentiments were sung—with the usual eclat and manifestations of delight by the audience.

Nothing further transpired till Monday morning, when—after the family had left for an excursion to Wilmington—Mr. Beckett, the superintendent of the Musical Fund Hall, came to their lodgings, and failing to see them, left word with the gentleman with whom they were staying, that his orders were, if the Hutchinsons' should persist in singing their anti-slavery songs, and admitting coloured persons to their concerts, he should close the doors of the Hall. This of course was considered by the Hutchinsons' friends and others—for it was soon rumored through the city—as a high-handed outrage, but no action could be taken in the premises until their return. In the meantime their agent, in pursuance of his instructions, went on to incur the usual expense of advertising, printing handbills, programmes, &c. On Tuesday morning the family returned. They were soon visited by the superintendent, who made known to them the conditions on which they were to be allowed the further use of the Hall. This led to an interview between Mr. J. Hutchinson and some of the Trustees, at which the objection, mentioned by Mr. Beckett, to their singing anti-slavery songs was withdrawn, and the issue raised on the question of their admitting coloured people. The exclusion of these was demanded, and the reason urged was that they (the Trustees) had warning from the Mayor that there was danger of a mob, and that if they allowed coloured people to enter the Hall, on them would rest the responsibility. At the request of Mr. H. to make their statement in writing, the following cautiously written, but disgraceful note, was after some study and consideration, drawn up:

HALL OF THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, December 29, 1846.

GENTLEMEN:—We have been warned, by the Mayor of the city, that the introduction of negroes among the whites at your concerts, would expose us to the danger of a riot, and we have had terrible examples of the injuries and outrages committed by mobs excited on such occasions. We have therefore to inform you that we have instructed the persons in immediate charge of the Hall, not to admit the coloured people into the saloon.

FRANKLIN PEALE.
On the part of the Committee on the Hall.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON.

The manner in which this demand was met by the Hutchinson family, has already been learned from their card. They of course could not consent to go into the Hall on such degrading conditions. A proper sense of self-respect, consistency with their well known, and as they express it, "most cherished" principles, and a just regard for the rights and feelings of others, forbade the acceptance of such terms, and they promptly rejected them. And not choosing to contend for reparation for their violated rights and injured feelings, and unwilling to incur the risk of a similar difficulty, by engaging—if it were possible, especially at so late an hour—another hall, they have given notice that there will be no concert, and have made arrangements for leaving the city.

Now look at this base business, and let every Philadelphian's face be crimsoned with the blush of shame. Here is a most interesting and meritorious family of strangers—a family admired for their genius, and beloved for their moral worth wherever they are known, in this country and in Europe—who, because a few upstart and vulgar pretenders to gentility choose to take offence at the introduction, according to announcement, of an occasional anti-slavery sentiment into their songs, or the admission of respectable and well-bred coloured persons to decent seats in the audience, must be shut out of a house which they had unconditionally engaged, and submit to a violation of their rights of contract, as the only alternative of preserving their self-respect! Is not this disgraceful? It may be asked—Why do they not take another house? We answer—If they should, how do they know that the owners of the new building will not violate their contract, or that the Mayor will not again step in and warn them that there is danger of a mob, and that if they proceed it will be at their own risk? What guarantee of safety have they—or any others, we would ask, whose misfortune it is to hold and feel bound to express sentiments supposed to be obnoxious to the mob—while the chosen guardian of the city's peace and its people's rights, warns unoffending citizens that they avail themselves of their home-born prerogatives at their peril? In our judgment, none whatever. Be it known that *mob-law* is still the practical code of Philadelphia, as really so, though there happen just now to be no open outbreaks, as it was when the present incumbent of the Mayor's office addressed as *his police* the genteel rabble that burned to the ground Pennsylvania Hall. 'Tis true, as we said before, there are now few popular outbreaks. There is less occasion for them. The work of the mob is accomplished by the constituted authorities. People are "warned" out of their rights by the chief magistrate, and *threatened* out of them by his officious underlings; and we should as leave be mobbed by the populace in the streets, as by men robed in the authority of law—and a little rather. In the former case, some calculations might be made upon reactions and occasional generous impulses, but in the latter, where men in cold blood, in obedience either to their own prejudices, or the imagined prejudices of those on whom they feel dependent for their place, crowd you out of your rights, no such hopes are to be entertained.

But we are saying more than we intended at this stage of this affair. Our object was to give merely the facts in the case. This we have done, so far as we have gone, if not with exact accuracy, at least with substantial correctness. We reserve further remarks for a future occasion.

Communications.

To John Marsh.

OLD AND BELOVED FRIEND:—I take up my pen to address you with affection and pain. You were the schoolfellow and playmate of my youth. On Weathersfield green we wrestled and ran. The hospitality and kindness that I received from your kind parents and amiable sisters will ever be remembered by me with warm affection and gratitude, and while I think of the inroads that death has made, in my old Weathersfield friends, I stop to wipe away a tear.

After we passed from school, we both professed to be interested in the subject of religion. I am so to the present hour. We both loved and read our Bibles; and you likewise read Calvin, Edwards, Hopkins, and Dwight, who confirmed you in the love of creeds and ceremonies. These, after a time, did not answer my mind, and I read Guion, Law, Fox, and Barclay. Your books taught you that the Scriptures were the rule, and mine taught me that the power of God, in the soul, was the rule, and the Scriptures only a director to this power. Your books have taught you that forms and ceremonies are perpetuated, and mine have directed me to the power that has convinced me that they are obliterated. What but forms and ceremonies keep the Juggernauts and Jews ignorant of Christ? Your forms and ceremonies, aided by priestly power and bayonets, are the things that binds the slave in his chains. It is the slavery of mind that gloats on these things that is the *cause*—the slavery of the body is only the effect. How long, think you, could Slavery stand if there was the same liberty in our churches that Christ gave, viz: liberty to "*speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*" This is an organization of God's making, and will exist when all the doings of councils are at an end. The power of God in my mind led me to see that my clergyman had made a sad mistake, and I mentioned to you that I conceived it was my duty and privilege to correct error wherever I found it, and you were pleased to say, that if I persisted in speaking after the clergyman, "We (meaning, I suppose, the Congregationalists) *will lodge you in Hartford jail.*" Your heart and your mouth were so far apart when you uttered this, that I presume you have forgotten it; but I have not—it was loud preaching to me. This, and similar remarks from others, led me to a train of serious reflection, and an agony of mind that it is impossible to describe. I saw that it was my duty not to wait, that the Church might excommunicate me, but I saw that I must excommunicate the Church, and I have never for one moment of my life regretted it. My rights came from God, not from man. When priestly rights are talked of, why do people speak of resorting to law? Not only man, but all other animals, in time of danger, resort to the power that they have most confidence in. The squirrel resorts to his tree, the eagle to the air, and the woodchuck to his burrow. The man of God resorts to God, because he has most confidence in God—while the "*hireling fleeth,*" and resorts to the world because he has most confidence in the world. Time passed on, and after many years you were sent a delegate to the self-styled Evangelical Alliance, in London, to talk with Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, &c. &c. on the necessity of union. Why did not these people first preach unionism at home? I have been acquainted with several union preachers, and I have uniformly found that as soon as they became such, they have been discarded by their brethren, and turned out, like bagged foxes, to be hunted down. Channing cried, "Oh, the Cross, the Cross," and Penn cried, "No Cross no Crown;" but spirits like these your "doctrinal basis" threw overboard, while you admitted soldiers that kill, and slaveholders that steal. You strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. To help you, you had S. H. Cox, the man who, in his zeal to put down the Quakers, tried to prove that the light of Christ in the soul was too indefinite a thing to be relied upon. If this is not infidelity I know not what is. I have read his writings on this subject with horror and amazement. A sensible Reviewer of the Alliance [see W. P. Tilden's Sermon, of Concord, N. H.] says that you have excluded, it is supposed, three-fourths of all the professed Christians in the world. You said, first, the Alliance shall be composed "of such persons" only as believe your "*doctrinal basis,*" and then you are ashamed of your iron bedstead, and say it is not a creed—and Doctor Beecher says that you "*shut out nobody.*" Nobody who thinks as you do, of course, and any sect can say the same. Such ridiculous quibbling as this may go unrebuked within the closed walls, but nowhere else. To soften it, Dr. Beecher says it was not a "full grown creed." This reminds one of the man who said of his stolen horse, that he was not much to blame for the horse was a very small one. You professed yourselves the friends of the Prince of Peace, and were amazingly afraid of the friends of peace, but not at all of the men of war. You professed unionism, but by your creed excluded unionists. You advocated "the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures," and form a council and a creed that excludes that right of private judgment, and assume that yourselves. Oh, how I mourn that the Alliance were so completely mole-eyed, that they could not see it is "not in word but in power." It seems that you had Baptists there who were of the same spirit as the Baptists in Bunyan's days, who petitioned the Parliament that the Quakers might not be tolerated. Only think what your paradox creed would have done if it had been in existence for two hundred years. It would have excluded the three hundred Quakers who rotted in jails for Christ's sake, but admitted those who killed them. You would have excluded from your list that lovely woman, Mary Guion, that was imprisoned twenty years for teaching people how to pray. You were amazingly afraid of offending the slaveholder, but not at all fearful of offending the slave. Your body were greatly disturbed about the slave question, but the martyrs were not disturbed even at death. When Mary Dyar was hung, in Boston, by persons who would have assented to your "*doctrinal basis,*" she exclaimed "*No tongue can utter the sweet incomes of the spirit of God which I now feel.*" She was not disturbed—but now if a man seriously gives his views after sermon, he is called a disturber, a jail is talked of, and this passes for the glorious liberty of Christ. I grieve, when at the Alliance, that you did not raise your voice and cry aloud, that it might sound through the whole length of the Mississippi and its tributaries. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." You know that the slaveholders do not do so, and you had an opportunity to make thousands of them ashamed. It does not become such men as Doctor Cox to lecture William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Garrison, whether saint or sinner, did more for the cause of humanity, in England, than all the Alliance put together. He cried not merely against the oppression of slaveholding, but he faced the aristocracy of England, and protested against the cruel law of primogeniture, that is depriving the famishing millions of bread. If you wish to do good put your doctorate in the stove—discard the law of force—Christ and the Apostles never resorted to it. What deprives the poor of bread the world over, and keeps the slave in his chains? It is the union between the priest and the soldier; these are like the two halves of a pair of scissors, harmless alone, but when united, cut in twain the liberty of Christ. These are the greatest opposers of Christ's ministers, make the world a moral waste, and the very name of Christian a term of reproach and dread over a large portion of the earth. The slaveholder can do nothing without the priest and the bullet—without these there could be no war—no Juggernaut—no crucifixion of Christ—no government but a government of love. Christ never instituted either a stated salary, or a pulpit, and no preacher can stand but a preacher of love. The priest and the soldier are the two life guards of the beast.

If we must have a council, why not talk, part of the time at least, about something tangible. Europe has shed human blood enough to swim a fleet, and while her millions are shivering with cold and hunger, without clothes or shelter, her Bishops are rolling in their gilded coaches; and most of the clergy of Europe have endorsed this state of things. Without their aid the sword could not have been drawn. In view of all this, what has the Alliance done? Has she exposed the corruption and apostacy of the Church? No. Or declaimed against wickedness in high places? No. Or tried to unbind the heavy burdens of the oppressed? No.—They have given us plenty of faith, but their works of righteousness are scant indeed! and they have cast out such spirits as some of the most faithful martyrs. I thank God that by his grace I can feel rightly, and it is my duty to write as I feel, and I say sincerely, shame on the Alliance, and above all, shame on the American members of that Alliance. Others may gape in wonder and ignorance at their proceedings, but I view them "*as the eclipse between God and his people!*"

One thing, and one thing only, is necessary to remove the evils of our fallen world. People must give up to the power of God in their souls. This is more burning than the lava of Mount Ætna. "There is no philosophy so vain, no learning so learned, no rabble so vulgar, as to be able to resist the mighty power of redeeming love." The Evangelical Alliance is not founded on the rock, and cannot stand. Like the Crusades to the Holy Land, or High Mass at Rome, to those "*who mind earthly things,*" it appears great, but it will be handed down to future generations, as a proof of the darkness of the age in which we live.

I am one of the weak things of the world called of the Lord to aid in drawing His Church out of the wilderness.

With unabated good wishes, I remain your friend,

ALFRED WELLS.

COLOSSE, Oswego, 26th 12th mo. 1846.

Letter from Oswego County.

DECEMBER 19, 1846.

FRIEND GAY—DEAR SIR:—A few days ago I had the privilege as well as the satisfaction of listening to William W. Brown, on the subject of Disunion. I heard him four different evenings; two at Fulton and two at Schroppel. I heard him with mingled sensations of surprise, fear, and pleasure. Surprise to see that the Liberty party could be shown up in such a light; fear that he would maintain his position, and pleasure to see that, if, after the most thorough investigation we should find it best to abandon the voting system, that there was a way by which to effect our object. The doctrine was to me, and to many others, new and startling, and as consistent Liberty party men could not be adopted immediately. Very many were anxious to hear a thorough and candid explanation, although there were cries of Fanny Wright, and women's rights, and all sorts of rights but just rights, (for I suppose some would have been glad to have seen a funeral rite of his doctrine,) but he nobly advocated the cause of equal rights! But if there is that inefficacy in the Liberty party that you declare there is, why, without doubt, the sooner we know it the better; but if it is sufficient for the purpose, agitation cannot injure it. So if you will please to send friend Brown, or some other equally competent man, among us, and agitate and agitate, why, to say the least, we will receive him well, and as far as agitation is concerned on your part, we will be much obliged.

I am very fond of hearing discussion, but still more fond of seeing action. Perhaps, however, that arises from the fact of pure, disinterested action being so rare now a days. Although I am not a convert yet, still I am under the most fervent conviction, and I am afraid that it would not take much to bring me over, for I am in rather a bad fix. The truth is, I have forfeited all right and title to the elective franchise, and now I am ready to be discussed into the no-voting party, and it will be easy, for I will help them. To be sure, it would look some like playing "Fox without a tail," but in these troublous times we must not stop for trifles. You know, Friend Gay, that some go without a head, particularly some who go to Mexico. Now, if such big men can afford to go without a head for the sake of getting into office, I can certainly dispense with that other for the sake of getting into a party. But, I said I was a disfranchised man, that I had forfeited all right to vote. Yes, I confess it. I am sunk to a level with all the rest of the graduates—of Auburn and Sing Sing. But I have done it without going to Auburn, or Sing Sing either. Some twenty odd years ago I bought a wild lot of land, (the very spot on which I now write,) and I cleared it up, built on it, lived on it, and voted on it. Well, on or about the 7th of October last, after having voted somewhere about twenty-two years, American like, sometimes in one party, sometimes in the other, under the strong temptation of the root of all evil, in defiance of all law, regardless of all precept or example, and not having the fear of the latter clause of the first section of the second article of the Constitution of the State of New-York before my eyes, I did willfully, carefully, and with intent to buy again—*sell my farm!* And who would not be disfranchised under *this Republican form of Government!*

But I will not intrude upon you any longer, neither shall I make any apology for the length, style, nor anything else of my letter, for you see from my disfranchisement what my complexion must be, and that accounts for all.

But seeing that the party that would, cannot, and the party that could, will not, have union with me, it strongly reminds me of my motto, which is, "*No Union with slaveholders.*"

I am Sir, with the utmost respect, your friend,

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1847.

Worcester County (Mass.) South Division Anti-Slavery Society.

The annual meeting of this society was held in Worcester, on Saturday and Sunday, 26th and 27th December. It was the first time that the society had held a meeting on *Sunday;* but it was deemed by many of its friends, right, and almost necessary, indeed, to take this stand, both as a testimony against those churches (the great majority in every American community) who are blind and dumb concerning this matter of Slavery, and as a vindication of the right of the Anti-Slavery cause to ask the ear of the people at all times, not excepting that generally considered holy, in a peculiar sense. We had, as an Anti-Slavery society, no controversy with any one as to the sanctity of the Sabbath. We were willing to meet the straitest defenders of the Sabbath, and taking them on their own ground, affirm and prove that for the holiest of time, no better, no more appropriate, no more Christian work could be found, than that which the Anti-Slavery enterprise presents. Other considerations, of convenience, &c. united with the above, to determine the selection of the above-named time for the meeting.

The meeting commenced in Brinley Hall, on Saturday morning, but was not regularly called to order until the afternoon, at 2 o'clock. A prayer, in behalf of the great objects of the society, was offered by Samuel May, the President of the society. The following were subsequently chosen officers of the society, for the year ensuing:

President—Samuel May, of Leicester.

Vice-Presidents—Effingham L. Capron, Uxbridge; Josiah Henshaw, West Brookfield; William B. Earle, Leicester; Adin Ballou, Milford; William R. Bliss, Worcester; Clarke Aldridge, Upton; Moses Sawin, Southboro'; Lyman Allen, Northboro'.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer—John M. Fiske, of West Brookfield.

Corresponding Secretary—A. F. Wing, of Millbury.

Executive Committee—William B. Earle, of Leicester; Francis Wood, Sarah H. Earle, and Julia T. Harris, of Worcester; Dr. Carpenter, of Upton; George W. Stacy, of Milford; and Wm. Humphrey, of Millbury.

In the afternoon, Wm. L. Garrison, Loring Moody, and John M. Fiske, addressed the meeting.

The *evening session* was very fully attended. MR. GARRISON spoke ably on the Disunion question, and the closest attention was given. He showed, not only how the Constitution protects the slave interest, but how entirely it has failed to secure to the North any of those rights which it undertook to guarantee. The right of locomotion, the right of equal citizenship, and freedom of speech at the South, have been denied, and the Constitution cannot ensure them to us. Citizens of Northern States are seized in Southern ports, imprisoned, and sold to be slaves; and the Constitution is impotent to save them from their fate.

On a motion being made to adjourn to the morning following, (Sunday,) *Samuel May* spoke at some length on the reasons for holding our meeting on Sunday.

LORING MOODY spoke very ably on the hypocritical pretenses of many persons and journals of regard for the Sabbath. An article on this point, in the "National Egis," was read, and criticised. Mr. Moody then recurred to the late message of Mr. Polk, examined a number of its statements, and showed their bare-faced falsehood.

W. L. GARRISON made a few remarks on the fact that a part of our meeting was to be held on Sunday. He read some impressive extracts from the first chapter of Isaiah.

On Sunday morning, the society came together at 10 o'clock, and a considerable number was present. Joshua T. Everett, on behalf of those present, offered prayer. Mr. Garrison read some highly appropriate selections from the Gospels and the Prophets. He presented two resolutions on the churches and ministers.

SAMUEL MAY called on all those present, whether agreeing or disagreeing with the society, who had aught to suggest or inquire, to offer their thoughts with freedom. He stated the fact, of which he had been informed by one of the ministers of Worcester, that these ministers generally designed to preach that day on the subject of PEACE, in accordance with a custom originally suggested by the American Peace Society, that the Sunday nearest Christmas should annually be devoted to this subject. He expressed the hope that these ministers would not fail to speak plainly and boldly concerning the iniquitous war with Mexico, for the perpetuation of Slavery, for he was confident that it would be idle and vain for them to talk this day, of peace *in the abstract*.

The meeting was also addressed by Wm. L. Garrison, Loring Moody, J. T. Everett, Wm. B Earle, and Deacon Henshaw. It would occupy too much space in these columns, to give an abstract of their remarks, otherwise it would be done.

At half-past one o'clock, the society again came together, and Brinley Hall was entirely filled.

MR. GARRISON addressed the meeting on the question of the Christian character of slaveholders and their apologists. He read extracts from the address of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (Old School) in the United States, as adopted in July last; he also read resolves of the Scotch Secession Synod, passed last May; also resolves of the Relief Synod of Scotland, all to the point of refusing to have any religious fellowship with, or to acknowledge the Christian character of, those churches which allow Slavery, or apologize for it. Mr. Garrison declared that Abolitionists had never said more than this, nor asked more of the professed churches than that they should take this ground.

He then asked what had the American Board of Foreign Missions done against Slavery; and replied, nothing; though appealed to, and entreated to act, year after year.

Mr. Garrison referred to a letter received from Oregon; stating that many church members there lived in open adultery. A missionary of the American Board, Mr. Griffin, remonstrated with them on this sinful practice. Finding that he could not move them so, he preached plainly to them their duty, and urged them to repentance. A storm of opposition was raised, and the offending parties appealed from Mr. Griffin to the other missionaries, and were sustained and excused in their course of life, by the Protestant missionaries generally, who said the time had not yet come to go against adultery in Oregon. This letter was partially read in the meeting of the American Board of Missions, but was not allowed to be finished; nor was any action had about it. The member who read it, said that he regretted not being permitted to finish the letter, as its statements *implicated some of the missionaries of the Board*. Is this a *Christian* body? Must we acknowledge them as sending forth the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

JOSHUA T. EVERETT stated the fact that Rev. Jonathan Davis, who, a few years since, had a discussion on Slavery with Rev. N. Colver, in Boston, had then boasted of owning thirty or forty slaves, was subsequently invited by Rev. Dr. Sharp, to preach in his pulpit—he did so; and, it being communion-day, to administer the communion,—and he did so. Would he have thus recognized Mr. Davis as a Christian if he had known him to be a stealer of horses, or a counterfeiter of money? We ask the professed churches to take the same position with regard to the stealers of men, that they do towards the stealers of sheep and horses.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said that this meeting, in its object, was the truest representation of Christianity of any meeting held in this town to day. Dr. Arnold, of Oxford University,—too early lost to the cause of sound morals and Christianity—had defined the Church to be an association of believers against all forms of moral evil. The idea of the American Church, is to leave all great evils to die out of themselves, under the silent operation of great principles. The idea of the American Anti-Slavery Society is to meet specific evils with a specific remedy.

Paul, in all his Epistles, deals with the sins of the times and of the *locality*. In writing to Corinth, he wrote of licentiousness and profligacy of life; and Corinth might be termed the brothel of the world. At Athens, Paul spoke of unbelief and skepticism, the prevailing sins of the Grecian philosophy. If the Church had followed his example, and, instead of saying, Trust to the preaching of the Gospel, had PREACHED THE GOSPEL, there would be no need or room now for an Anti-Slavery society, to do that work of Christianity, which the Church had declined.

We arraign the professed churches about us, and throughout the land; because (with a very few exceptions) they do nothing to form that sentiment and awaken that conscience through which Anti-Slavery is to triumph. Therefore, said Mr. Phillips, I claim that the Anti-Slavery Society, which is essaying to do this work, is the most perfect manifestation of Christianity, as applied to this 19th century. It does as Christ and his Apostles did;—it addresses itself to the wants, wrongs, and sins of its day.

Mr. Phillips spoke of the saying of Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, that the American Church was on trial before the British people. He spoke, too, of the Evangelical Alliance, and its timid, truckling, hard-hearted course on the Slavery question. The Rev. E. N. Kirk, since his return to this country, had petulantly asked, Are we never to go anywhere, for any purpose, but this slave question must be forced upon us? No! said Mr. Phillips; never! it shall be to him, and all the supporters of a slaveholding Church, like an omnipresent conscience; it shall be like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, that would not down at the murderer's bidding.

Mr. Phillips said he was looking, only the evening previous, in company with a well-known preacher, of Boston, (not an Abolitionist,) at Biard's celebrated picture of the Slave Traffic on the coast of Africa,—a "harrowing scene." "Ah," said his companion, "I have witnessed scenes ten times more horrible than that." "Then," replied Mr. Phillips, "you cannot charge the Abolitionists with exaggeration, in what they have said of Slavery and the slave traffic." "No," was the answer, "imagination can't exaggerate the horrors of Slavery." And so it is; could all the force of the Anglo-Saxon tongue be collected in one word, and hurled like a thunderbolt at the Church, it would not be too strong to depict her sin. Let us not fear to speak too strong.

On account of the thronged state of Brinley Hall, it was thought best to engage a larger hall for the evening meeting, and accordingly, on Sunday evening, we met at the upper Town Hall, a vast apartment, capable of seating fifteen hundred persons. The hall was filled; and with an audience, that for three hours, gave close and sympathizing attention to the faithful remarks of our friends Garrison and Phillips. This communication has already become so long, that we cannot attempt any account of their remarks. The rottenness of our Union—the corruption of the Government—its rapid and ill-concealed strides towards a military despotism, (which, many years ago, Dr. Tocqueville declared to be the imminent danger of the country)—the quailing of Massachusetts, and her disgraceful yielding to the commands of the slave power—the torpor and indifference of her citizens—the necessity of disunion, and a total separation from the destructive alliance of Slavery, were faithfully laid before the vast audience.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Garrison read the address of the ten thousand women of Edinburgh to the women of America; an admirable address, full of faithfulness and power.

The resolutions which had been brought before the meeting were then adopted; and the society adjourned. Beyond a question, these were very effective meetings, and full of promise to the cause.—S. M.

The Rev. Drs. Cox and Patton.

A meeting was held one evening last week, at the Tabernacle, at which the delegates to the World's Temperance Convention appeared, to give an account of their mission. Among them were the Rev. Drs. Cox and Patton. It was, we understand, rather a slim affair, and the opportunity for self-glorification of the reverend gentlemen could not have been very gratifying. It served another purpose, however, most admirably, and the better, probably, that the meeting was not a large one. They made the most of it to pour out their long pent-up wrath against the men who have placed them in their true light before the British public. Dr. Cox, especially, in that reckless daring, by which he is so strongly characterized, when there is nobody by of whom he is afraid, came down in fiery indignation upon the heads of several persons, some of whom were in England, and none of whom were present. He was careful to mention no names, and doubtless he spoke in enigmas to most of his audience, but he did none the less "feed fat" the grudge he bore his enemies, and gratified that loving and divine spirit of his, which rioted in so good a chance to give free passage to the current of feelings which have been stifling him for so many months. "Recreant creatures," he said, were travelling through England, libelling and slandering our beloved country. And the good Doctor grew pathetic, and quoted Cowper, and hoped that the public indignation which the "recreants" so richly merit, would be visited upon them. He would hardly fail to be satisfied if he knew how rapidly his own and Frederick Douglass's letters were circulating, and giving the whole story to the public, that its indignation, or rather its contempt, will be visited upon somebody. But he came down to particulars, and described the scene in Covent Garden, that "moral scene, superb and glorious," and where the "coloured abolition agitator and ultraist," Frederick Douglass, opened on them "with obliquity, an avalanche," and created an "Ephesian uproar," where—still in his own lucid and sublime words—before, the "effect was constantly raised." And the thought of the obliquity, and the avalanche, and the sudden fall of an effect that had been so constantly raising, moved him to the highest pitch of indignation. He descended to language unbecoming a staid, elderly gentleman, though by no means unusual or remarkable in an angry Doctor of Divinity. He knew, he said, that "One sinner destroyeth much good"—of course he must put it in Scripture language, to solemnize his wrath—but he here learned, also, that one "*practical fool* could do much evil." And turning then upon the people who gave such very unequivocal tokens at Covent Garden, who they thought the "fool" of that occasion, he declared that John Bull became tumultuous, and with an elegant pun upon the national cognomen, he likened the people to *calves*, who, with their bellowings and uproarious behaviours, their shouts of shame! shame! and their throwing up their handkerchiefs, created an uproar which would have made even Paul impatient. Nor did he stop here in his strictures upon our English cousins. They presume to rebuke us for the system of Slavery. Dr. Cox reminded his enlightened audience that the English, on their part, made a very improper use of the aspirate. He referred also to the destitution of certain classes, forgetting, probably, that Five Points was within the sound of his voice. He spoke of the intemperance of that people, a sin which he should not cross the Atlantic in search of, according to his own principles, while there remains some slight vestiges of it in our own country, and in our city especially, where nearly every other house is a grog-shop. However, these very obvious strictures upon his remarks probably were not made by many of his hearers, for no doubt the most of them, like himself, were too ready to shut their eyes to their own sins, in criticising and ridiculing those of others.

We regret that we have not a full report of the Doctor's speech, to lay before our readers. It would, we think, contribute to their edification. We have before us the meerest sketch of certain portions of it. In allusion to the shipwreck in Dundrum Bay, and his own, as he deems it, providential escape, he commented upon a short article which appeared in this paper. We might retort upon him, but we forbear. Whatever epithets we might

indulge in towards him, he may be assured that we should not put the prefix "witty," with which he honours us.

The Hutchinsons.

In another column will be found an account, copied from the Pennsylvania Freeman, of the sudden termination of the visit of the Hutchinson family to Philadelphia. We understand from other sources, that it has created much excitement among people there who are in no way connected with the Abolitionists. We are glad that anything can arouse such persons from their apathy. For our own part, we are not surprised at such a result of the Hutchinsons' singing. Anti-Slavery does as much harm when sung as when spoken, and the Mayor who could tell an infuriated mob when about to fire a building where Abolitionists were assembled, that they were his police, is just the man to threaten concert singers with a similar visitation if they persisted in spreading the heresy that "we are paying dear for Texas." It is bad enough to pay so dear for it, without having it sung to the people in such a way that they will not be likely to forget it. We are only surprised that the Mayor did not call together his "police" at any rate, and give to these formidable young people from New Hampshire, a taste of the law of the Quaker city. And we especially regret that the Hutchinsons did not attempt to hire another hall. We should have liked that they had tested the hospitality and anti-slavery feeling—if there is any—of the Philadelphians to the utmost, and have obtained a hall to sing in, or at least the refusal of every one in the city, and if it had come to that, then to have sung in the street. We are inclined to think that a mob, had there been one, would have found their match. There are quite a number of stout people about in this city, who don't mind a knock-down for a good cause, and would have esteemed this one; and there are a good many such, we are inclined to think, in Philadelphia. His Honour the Mayor, and his "police," might have been taught a lesson which would have done them good, and though we by no means approve of violence, yet when there is no other law but mob-law, we believe in the principle of rotation in office. The pro-slavery party have been in the ascendancy quite long enough, and it would have been well if the course pursued towards the Hutchinsons had been made the occasion of a change of dynasties. These singers had a perfect right to sell their tickets to whom they pleased, and those who did not like the company they met at the concerts, had as perfect a right to stay away. There is good common sense enough in the people even of Philadelphia, we believe, to see this and stand up for it, and we do not doubt they would have conquered. We should have rejoiced had the pro-slavery party received this check, and the right of everybody to think, or sing, or talk about Annexation, or any other iniquity, been established.

We believe, however, that this occurrence will do good. Philadelphia has added to her reputation for ruffianism. Mobs have become more than ever her Peculiar Institution. Why it is so is another one of those questions which are multiplying around us every day, and to which the people are beginning to learn the true answer.

New Papers.

Phœnixville Pioneer.—We have received the first number of a paper, published at Phœnixville, Pa. under the title of the Phœnixville Pioneer and Chester and Montgomery Chronicle. It is to be edited by J. Bayard Taylor and Frederick E. Foster. The latter gentleman is unknown to us, but from the character of Mr. Taylor, we have the right to believe that the Pioneer will be an excellent and liberal paper.

The Ram's Horn.—The first number of a new paper with this title is before us. It is published in this city, by Messrs. Van Rennsselaer and Hodges, and edited by them. This specimen number is a handsome sheet, and filled with well selected and well-written editorial matter. We trust the coloured people, in whose behalf this new effort is made, will give it support.

Hon. Alexander Barrow, United States Senator from Louisiana, died a few days since at Baltimore.

Places Wanted for a man and a woman. They are both from the South, and are intelligent and capable people. The man is best fitted for a farm. The woman is an excellent cook, but used to all kinds of house-work. Apply at this office.

Notice.—Dr. Hudson requests us to call attention to the change in his appointments. He will be one day earlier than was advertised last week, in each of the places mentioned. The notice as it stands *in this week's paper* is correct.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. C. Hudson, of Massachusetts, for his speech on the Mexican war.

The Evangelical Alliance are holding meetings in this city, but we cannot hear that any allusion is made to the Slavery question.

Congress is doing little. A resolution that it is inexpedient to levy any tax upon tea or coffee has passed the House by a vote of 115 to 48. The President has sent a message to the Senate, advising the appointment of a Lieutenant General.

Relief to Ireland.—A meeting was held in this city a few evenings since, to take measures for collecting funds to send to Ireland. The amount raised was $3,000, which was remitted by the steamer of Saturday, to the Society of Friends, in Dublin, to dispose of as they shall think best.

From our Correspondent.

Baltimore, December 27th, 1846.

We are having delightful weather here, at present; more like March than December. This warm weather gives us plenty of mud, which is not quite as pleasant as it would be otherwise. But as I am not, nor never was, particularly anxious for fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, or even for forty-nine, I think I will endure the mud, and let the sticklers for those latitudes enjoy their cold mornings, and sleigh-rides.

The past week has been one of great excitement, in this city. Tuesday was the day appointed for the funeral of Major Ringgold, whose remains were brought from the battle-ground of Palo-Alto, where he "fell." It was a great day here. The streets through which the mock-mourners passed were thronged by tens of thousands, of all ages, and sexes. The procession was mostly made up of military companies, of foot, and horsemen, which came from all parts of the State, to "do honour to the gallant dead." The remains were finally deposited in Green Mount Cemetery, when the officiating clergy, the Reverend Doctors Johns, and Roberts, pronounced the forms for funeral occasions. I doubt not, Polk might raise a large number more, of volunteers, in this city, if he would but take advantage of the demon-like spirit of revenge which this mock funeral has excited, which is here termed *patriotism*. Christmas, here, too, was a great day. It is *the* holyday of the season. Business is all suspended, except the dealing in "egg-nog," and "fire-crackers." The boys amused themselves, and annoyed many with the latter; while those of more years make beasts of themselves, by indulging too freely in the former. "Egg-nog" is the refreshment used here, for Christmas, and the man that wont get drunk with it on that day, is no man at all, and, as a consequence, I saw more persons intoxicated the past week, than for months before. Were it not for an occasional ray of light, gleaming through the darkness about us, we should quite despair of ever seeing the broad light of truth in its full glory beaming upon us. There has been quite a discussion on the subject of Slavery, at the "Murray Institute," in progress for two or three weeks. The discussion has been exceedingly interesting, thus far. The debate for last Wednesday night, was announced in the "Sun," under the glaring head of "Slavery Discussion," and it is certainly a mark of some progress in the public feeling, that it did not draw a crowd of rowdies, ripe for a row. The question was: "Would the abolition of Slavery, in Maryland, promote the wealth and prosperity of the State?" The principal men on the affirmative were Mr. Allen, Mr. Holland, and Dr. Snodgrass. Mr. Holland said he was not an Abolitionist, neither had he any sympathy with them, but declared himself a convert to abolition, as a *political economist*. His argument subsequently showed that he was was more of an Abolitionist than he even himself thought. "He would define his position in relation to the question now under consideration. At the last meeting of the Institute, it would be recollected that he had opened the debate upon the affirmative, in compliance with the desire of the President, although his feelings were, at that time, in the negative. Since then he had examined the question more minutely, and that examination had brought him to the conclusion that *the best interests of the State would be promoted by abolishing Slavery*. (Applause.) He had no doubt that the wealth and prosperity of Maryland would be greatly increased thereby. Being wedded to neither side, he had read diligently and examined dispassionately all the facts in his possession; and he would say that he had been *driven* to take the position he now occupied."

Mr. Holland's speech was warmly applauded, throughout. The arguments on the negative were rather lame, it being evidently difficult to confine themselves to the question. Dr. Snodgrass, in the course of his remarks, read from a census table the amount of population in the States of Maryland and Virginia, as compared with Pennsylvania and New-York, at different periods within fifty years, and pointed out the unfavourable disparity which existed, in numbers, between the slave and free States. Now he would ask his friends to say whether, taking the theory of population, there has not been some *special cause* for these results? He would ask if the soil, or the climate, or the inland navigation of Pennsylvania and New-York, was superiour to that of Maryland? We have in Maryland, said he, a good soil, irrigated by the most beautiful streams, and almost every other advantage which could be reasonably desired, do we possess, by nature—including one of the loveliest bays in the world. But what do we find accompanying these advantages? A fruitful soil covered by a teeming population? No, Sir, no! On these beautiful rivers we behold no thriving towns and villages, as along the water-courses of these and other sister States, where the flag of Freedom has been unfurled. The numerous tributaries of our chief rivers, instead of becoming outlets for trade, and inlets for "wealth," are, for the greater part, turned into mere "oyster-banks," from which a few semi-loaferish people gain a livelihood by "growing oysters" for the wants of the palates of our oyster-loving citizens! Sir, is this the only use for which these crystal streams were designed? No—no—nor do they use them thus alone in the States with which I have been comparing Maryland. There, a free people are ever at work, turning every natural advantage to account, and almost every natural disadvantage too! And what is the reason? The more they work, the more they find to do, because they work *themselves*. They have the intelligence which ever belongs to freedom—the minds of *freemen*—the consciousness, when they lie down at night, that what each one has earned is his own, and will descend to his children after he is gone! But your poor slave toils, day after day, and month after month, and year after year, with no prospect for the future—no gain—no hope—nothing but the soul dampening prospect of continued bondage! Do you expect such a population to improve your State? Why, Sir, it would take a *miracle* to do it!"

The Doctor was evidently not at home on the question, thus worded; his main forte seems to be on the *moral aspect* of Slavery. The question is still open for Wednesday night next. We hope soon to see the time when we can safely invite Charles C. Burleigh, or some other of the friends of the cause, here to lecture.

Yours, N.

Notes on New Books.

Literary Studies: a Collection of Miscellaneous Essays. By W. A. Jones. New-York: Edward Walker, pp. 295.

Every wielder of the pen exercises a certain degree of influence greater than that of a mere talker, or thinker, who does not use that little instrument to give currency to his feelings or opinions; and for this reason, the writer of a book is entitled to the notice of journalists as an author, though in his character of man he might not be worthy of being individualized. It is true that an author can put nothing into a book, which has not first been part of him, and therefore, if he is not entitled to our attention as man, can have no title to it as author, as you cannot draw sweet wine from a cask which contains only that which is sour, yet as our acquaintance with men must be limited to a few, and our knowledge of books may be extended to a great multitude, we must take every new book which comes in our way as an individual, and treat it first as man, and then as work. In this spirit we will deal with the new-comer before us. Mr. Jones is one of those amiable and easily satisfied men, who walk through the world in a kind of Leigh-Huntish spirit, seeing everything that is mild, pleasing, and amusing. Like a chance visiter in a well-trimmed garden who sees nothing but flowers and fruits, and is content that some Brussingault should discover the nature of the earths that produce them, or that the gardener should lift up the leaves that hide the worms and grubs that would destroy all the beauty which enchants him if they were not removed. Mr. Jones is not purely such a man, but he is one of that kind, of whom Washington Irving and N. P. Willis are very distinct examples. He does sometimes see the worms beneath the flowers, but it is not his way to search for them. He is, of course, a great reader because there are none of the "horrid actualities" in books which act so disturbingly on the nerves of quiet men. He loves the agreeable pictures of humanity which abound in the old essayists and novelists and talks forever of Steele and Addison; and shuts himself up in a small room with a candle which throws its beams far enough to bring to light the artificial life, if life can ever be artificial, of the times of Queen Anne and George the Second. In this way he lives, an amused dreamer, little heeding the realities by which he is surrounded, and like thousands of learned moles who delude themselves with the thought that they are studying while they are only amusing themselves with the idle pageantries of past ages. Happy men! who can sit down contentedly with Sir Roger de Courtly, while three millions of their own countrymen are pining in bondage, and can glow with gentle indignation at the recollection of the wicked wars of the past yet can read with complacency the daily tidings of outrages committed by our own people upon Mexico! Mr. Jones's essays are almost all upon old subjects of a purely bookish nature, but they are written in a pleasant, trusting mood, which has its good uses in giving to minds overburdened by cares and anxieties, tranquillity and amusement. Such writers must have their readers, and to some they have their mission. We do not condemn Mr. Jones that he is not a sturdy reformer, but we wish that one who can write so well would more frequently look into the records of the present, and weave in with his reflections upon the past, a thread of interest in living things. It was by doing this that Hazlitt became so popular an essayist. None of his papers are purely literary. He never forgot the great facts of his time, but mingled in his criticisms on books and pictures profound truths on political evils. The title of Mr. Jones's essays indicate pretty clearly the character of his book.

"Addison and Steele," "Religious Novels," "Literary Ambassadors," "Jeremy Taylor," "Elijah Furten," "Prose of Barrow," "Single-Speech Poets," &c. &c.—His acquaintance with the writings of the old English Divines, seems to be very extensive, and South and Barrow are as familiar to him as horn-books. We believe that Mr. Jones is a member of the Episcopal Church, and that he was an assistant of Dr. F. L. Hawks in conducting a church paper; but he is liberal in his feelings, and appreciates genius without any respect to theological sanctions. His remarks on the eminent preachers among Unitarians, and his hearty commendations of Channing, prove him to be a man free from the little bigotries which disfigure many writers who belong to "the Church." As an example of Mr. Jones's style, his power of observation, his freedom from prejudice, and his independence, we extract a part of an essay contained in the "Analyst," a small volume which he published some five or six years since. This is good, wholesome writing, and from reading it, we have confident hopes of yet seeing the author enrolled among the brave spirits who are now striving against the wicked forms of the world. A writer like Mr. Jones has nothing to hope for from the merely literary hacks of the day, but, labouring in the ranks of reform, he would be sure of the delights of martyrdom and the honours of an apotheosis. Let him come over, and let him feel the difference between steeping in a tepid bath and getting into hot water.—B.

A FEW WORDS ON THE VICES OF THE CLERICAL CHARACTER.

We want another Dr. Eachard to discover for us the true sources of contempt in which the clergy are held. We need the "picturesque satirical description of Mandeville" to paint the portraits of that venerable body. We have headed these scattered observations, "A Few Words:"—A volume would not exhaust the subject. We glance merely at the principal heads.

Divinity is too much regarded as a profession, a source of profit, a stepping-stone to reputation, an apology for sloth and indifference, something to fall back upon, what the French call "*point d' appui*," a mere nominal pursuit.

Priests are essentially *separatists*. They wish to get out of the current of human sympathy. They are the most selfish of men. Preferring their own ease and comfort, before that of anybody else, they will not leave off eating their dinner, to attend the sick bed of the dying. They are apart from the rest of the world—it matters not whether above or below it. Professedly humble, they in reality place themselves (as the vicegerents of Jehovah), far above their fellow men—the cloth patronize arrogance, as the main prop of their success.

From being the spiritual director, the priest infers his right to be the secular adviser of his flock. Alas! there is a wolf among the lambs. To make and to meddle is the badge of all the tribe. He would not be a priest if he did not interfere.

Hypocrisy and deceit compose the clerical character. What wonder, if, of all men the priest is the most artful, since he has the hardest part to play!

Who has a higher relish for the intoxication of power and pride of place? Ecclesiastical ambition is proverbial. There have been more Woolseys than Herberts. What, says the prince of poets,

"Love, and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman, better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away."
Henry VIII.

In what profession can one find so few gentlemen, as in the Church? Boorish behaviour seems to be considered a mark of spiritual excellence. As if the more a man's thoughts are bent on heaven, the less care he should have of his deportment while on earth. On this principle, the most heartless worldling should be the most companionable man. And yet, we hear great talk of Christian courtesy. Undoubtedly, the noblest courtesy springs from the character which forms the purest Christian; but as the world goes, among *professing* Christians there are fewer who comport themselves with a decent propriety, than among the profane. But how should we expect a saint to condescend to play the part of a gentleman?

The priest and the placemen are alike, in one respect, at least. They both depend on popular favour. Both are obliged to court it, as their mistress. She exacts the most untiring homage. This makes them sycophants to the very core.

The malice of a priest is most refined. He injures you always *with the intention of doing you a service*. This is his universal plea. To the purity of such motives, who can demur?

What call is it the priest obeys but the call of avarice and ambition?

Yet, there have been Taylors, Herberts, Fenelons, Berkleys. All religionists are not pretenders. There are many meek spirits, followers of their Lord. But measured with the great mass, these number but few.

As a sex there is a vast deal more of religion among women than men. It suits their character more exactly, which is purer, holier, simpler, than man's. The best Christian I know, is the loveliest woman in the world. Where else but in the female form shall we find such constancy, fortitude, dignity, sweetness, love?

The good country parson (Herbert's, for instance,) is the *greatest* of men.

Sincere humility is, in fact, the *highest* virtue man can attain.

Note.—Lest any misapprehension should arise from the sweeping generalities employed in the above, the writer requests the liberal construction of the reader. He could select not a few exceptions, from the whole body of the clergy, to this stricture. He considers that respectable class, as men, and—fallible. Some, he is assured, have been the glories of human nature. It is their claim to infallibility, which impels him to depict defects, merely human. In a dark night, white objects stand out with a painful distinctness; so, conversely, in the pure ermine of the clerical character, the least speck is clearly discernible. Nevertheless, much of what has been said and written, against the clergy as a body, is undeniably true. We take no delight in writing this. We fear the clown's definition of a priest is but too true. He compared the parson to a sign-post, "Because," says he, "He shows others the road, but never walks in it himself." With great good, the clergy have in all ages, done much harm. Look, only, at the wars, which ecclesiastical ambition, the lust of spiritual power, the pride of theologic lore, and of sectarian bigotry, have excited, call to mind the martyrdom of good men, the abominable institutions of the Jesuits, the horrid cruelties of the Inquisition!

We would breathe not a word against the holy spirit of religion! This is a feeling, however, of which those we depict are utterly ignorant, "Having the form of godliness without the spirit thereof." To bring this long note to an end, we would ask the reader to turn to an old novel, Joseph Andrews, by Fielding, where he will find the characters of the Good and Wicked Parson admirably delineated. Parson Adams and Trulliber, will live forever, as historically, as George Herbert and the vilest of the inquisitors.

Knickerbocker, for January.—We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this best of the monthlies, which is always filled with agreeable matter. It holds a useful place between the light and trashy yellow-covered Magazines, and the heavy Quarterlies, for if less showy, it is more amusing than the first, and if less instructive, it is never so stupid as the last are apt to be. We regret to see, however, that in the address of the editor, in the present number, he steps beyond his sphere, and reads all reformers, and Abolitionists especially, a lesson. He assures the slaveholder that he is a very excellent fellow, and entirely sympathizes with him in the sorrow which he—Knickerbocker—knows he feels at the existence of Slavery. These hot-headed, fanatical Abolitionists he intends for the future to put upon their good behaviour, and will no longer permit them to call their Southern brethren—poor conscience-stricken, suffering, and amiable people—such naughty names. As the method he proposes to bring about this desirable end, however, is to educate the babies, we have not much fear that he will put back the cause of reform. In this work we wish him all success. By the time his pupils have grown beyond schooling, there will be no necessity for Abolitionists to teach the world by what name man-stealing is to be called.

We should be glad, however, to see that Knickerbocker hates Slavery and its fruits as much as he says he does. We have some proofs, in this number, to the contrary. He quotes some doggrel rhyme of a coloured man, and asks with a sneer, "who will say hereafter that 'coloured pussons' hav'nt genius." That is very poor wit which is made at the expense of a class who are already bowed to the earth by the heavy weight of a contemptible and wicked prejudice. Knickerbocker may not so much care that it is unchristian, but we can assure him that it is becoming very vulgar. We might sometimes find even in his own periodical some very silly things, but narrow-minded Abolitionist as we are, we should never bring it forward in proof that every man whose name begins with a C. is a fool.

If our neighbour will take the advice of one of the class which he intends to reform, he will let those alone who, he says, "forget that the Southerner is his Christian brother," till he himself can remember that the black man at the North has a claim upon his Christian sympathies, and that to add anything to the load under which he now staggers is the refinement of cruelty. And if this is no reason why he should lose his poor joke, he may as well remember that the time is coming when such jokes will cost more than they come to.

To Correspondents.

E. H. of C. Does he wish the second copy of his paper to be directed to *himself*, at Concord? He gives no name in his letter. Does he live in both places?

A. W. He will observe his letter is received. His directions will be complied with.

J. B. His request is complied with most cheerfully. According to the account we received from the H. there is still five months due him. Shall we stop?

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry*: Lines, written during an European tour, &c. *Miscellany*: Toussaint (continued); Rome Office Mercy—Capital Punishment; Hearing with the Eye—A visit to a Deaf and Dumb school at Lipsic; The Case of George Wilson; Gleanings from Foreign papers.

First Page.—*Selections*: Anti-Slavery Convention; The Evangelical Alliance and Slavery; Wiskonsan; Speech of Mr. Giddings; Extract from a Speech of Mr. Root.

Second Page.—Most Base and Disgraceful; New German Settlement in Texas. *Communications*: Letter from Oswego County; To John Marsh.

Married,

At Brook Farm, West Roxbury, (Mass.) on Christmas Eve, by Rev. William Henry Channing, Mr. John Orvis, to Miss Mary Ann Dwight, both of Brook Farm.

In Concord, (N. H.) on Christmas Eve, by Rev. W. P. Tilden, Mr. John R. French, recently puplisher of the Herald of Freedom, to Miss Frances Farrand, eldest daughter of the late N. P. Rogers.

In Philadelphia, on the evening of the 23d ultimo, at the residence of Thomas T. Lea, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of John Swift, Mayor of Philadelphia, John R. Baker, to Ann R. daughter of Joseph Lea, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

In Philadelphia, on the 28th ultimo, Abby N. Penrose, in the 41st year of her age.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Loss of U. S. Brig Somers—Late and Important from Mexico.

Washington, Dec. 29.

The bark Morgan Dix, arrived at New Orleans, brings dates from the squadron off Anton Lizardo to the 13th instant. Full particulars have been received of the total wreck of the United States brig Somers and the great loss of life which accompanied it. The Somers was maintaining the blockade off the harbour of Vera Cruz. On the evening of the 7th she had taken shelter under Green Island, there being every indication of an approaching northerly gale. On the morning of the 8th, a sail being reported from aloft, she was got under way and sto d out for several miles, when the approaching vessel was ascertained to be the John Adams, on her return from Tampico.

Her appearance caused great satisfaction to the officers of the Somers, as Com. Perry had informed them that she was to relieve them from maintaining the blockade as soon as she came in. As the Somers was approaching her anchorage on her return, another sail was discovered standing for Vera Cruz, apparently with the intention of running the blockade. She immediately made all sail to intercept her, and in the effort to avoid falling on the reef to her leeward, she was struck by the Norther, and thrown upon her beam ends.

The strange vessel came rapidly down, but showed no colours, and tacked when near Pajordas reef. Lieutenant Parker had reported the appearance of squalls, and the particulars are fully detailed in the New-Orleans papers. The Somers commenced careening over with great rapidity, and in about half an hour afterward sunk.

The Mexicans saw the accident from the mole, and cheered and exulted for a long time. The brig had been for a long time engaged in the blockade, and had done more to interrupt the commerce of the port than almost all the other vessels. Within the last fortnight both town and castle had been kept in a state of constant alarm by the burning of the Creole, and other demonstrations, which I presume you will hear of in due time.

I have no doubt the Mexicans were relieved when they saw her sink in the ocean. I append a list of the lost and saved—37 men saved—37 lost. One officer, Mr. Rodgers, Passed Midshipman, and one man, John G. Fox, were captured by the Mexicans two days before while reconnoitering an important point, in company with Dr. Wright. The latter escaped to witness the catastrophe of the brig.

From the Dispatches for the Tribune.

Revolution in Mexico.

Washington, Jan. 3.

The Southern mail brings advices from Campeachy to the 9th ult. There had been another outbreak in that city. In an address dated the 8th of December, Domingo Barret, yielding a reluctant acquiescence to the wishes of his fellow-citizens, presented himself as their chief. "A glorious revolution" that day commenced. The object of the outbreak is to sunder entirely all political connection between Yucatan and the Government of Mexico.

A Pronunciamento was also made by the garrison of Tobasco, on the 19th of November. It alleges that full representation had been made to the Supreme Government of the defenceless state of the Department of Tobasco, alludes to the recent invasion of the Americans; that Government had disregarded their prayers for aid and for these and numerous other considerations, they declare that the State of Tobasco disavows the present Government of the Republic, and will regulate her internal administration upon a basis more liberal and more adequate to the circumstances of the existing war. The declarations were approved of by acclamation.

Late and Interesting from the Army.

Gen. Santa Anna and his Force—Movements of the American Generals—Departure of Gen. Scott for Tampico.

By the arrival of the steamship Massachusetts, at New Orleans, advices have been received from Tampico to the 18th of December.

Considerable excitement had been produced at Tampico, in consequence of a report that a large body of Mexican cavalry were in that neighbourhood.

It was positively asserted, and the report generally believed in the American camp, that Santa Anna had a force of 28,000 men at San Luis Potosi. It was also reported that he was taking the most stringent measures to thoroughly purge his army of all officers on whom there rested the remotest taint of suspicion for cowardice, it being his determination to retain only those in whom he could place the most implicit confidence for bravery and skill.

The Mexicans, to all outward appearance, were in very good spirits, and expressed the desire of being led against the invaders.

Gen. Taylor was to leave Monterey on the 10th, with the division under Gen. Twiggs, and a portion of Gen. Smith's brigade.

Gen. Wool still remained at Paras, and Gen. Worth at Saltillo.

The various regiments destined for Tampico were breaking up their encampments, and commencing their long and wearisome march.

The American soldiery were becoming daily more animated, and vigorous in their movements, owing to sickness being less prevalent and deaths not as frequent as during the summer and fall months.

In a letter from Santa Anna to Gen. Taylor he says:

I will conclude this note by assuring you that I entertain the hope that the sovereign National Congress, which is immediately to be installed, will act as shall be most conducive to the interests of the republic; but I believe that I do not deceive myself in assuring you, *that neither the Congress, nor any Mexican, will ever be able to listen to overtures of peace unless the national territory be first evacuated by the forces of the United States, and the hostile attitude of their vessels of war be withdrawn.*

General Items.

Drs. Jackson and Morton, of Boston, have recently discovered that the inhalation of a certain gas, causes insensibility. Numerous surgical operations have been performed without pain, by the use of this vapour. By its use a cancer was removed from the breast of a lady of this city, a few days since, without suffering. It is becoming extensively used among dentists.

Havana, December 13, 1846.

Mexican Privateering.—Captain Aranjo is still here with his three hundred privateer licenses and letters of citizenship. He has not been able to dispose of a single one as yet. The price asked for each is $1,000, with the corresponding letters of citizenship. It is probable he will take them all back with him to Mexico. It is supposed a man by the name of Juan Nepo Pereda, has been despatched to Colombia on business of a similar kind.

Information has been received here from Mexico that the Mexican Government had sold or delivered over to a Frenchman, by the name of Ribaud, well known in New Orleans, the two Mexican men-of-war, at Alvarado, called the Santa Anna and Mexicano, and that Ribaud had left Mexico, intending to endeavour to get these vessels at sea under the French flag, take them round Cape Horn, and cruise against our commerce in the Pacific and East Indies. It is said that Ribaud holds a commission as Captain in the Mexican navy, yet it is not probable he will be able to accomplish his purpose.—*Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.*

Don Walter Colton, recently elected Alcaid of Monterey on the Pacific, is the Rev. Walter Colton, formerly of Philadelphia.

Death of Alonzo P. Kimball.—We are pained to record the death of Alonzo P. Kimball, Esq. the Superintendant of Schools for the Eastern division of this county. He expired at his residence in Penfield, on Wednesday, December 30th.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Gen. Ward, of Sing Sing, it is said, will receive the appointment of Brigadier General to command the Pennsylvania and New-York volunteers.

It is stated that an experiment of free labour by white people is to be tried in Milledgeville, Ga. A factory is to be started in that place, in which only white persons are to be employed.

The County Court has been busily engaged since Tuesday morning in granting license to free negroes to remain in the State. Quite a number, we learn, have been granted—and a great many on the other hand have been refused—The officers, both county and city, continue to arrest whenever an opportunity offers, yet they do not molest those who have applied, and are now making application for license to remain.—*St. Louis New Era, Dec. 24th.*

The Debate on Slavery before the Murray Institute is still progressing and growing in spirit, with new speakers and a decided increase in the number of listeners.—It was adjourned over, on Wednesday evening, for the *fourth* time, by desire of the audience. This question of Slavery has been up before two other Lyceums this week, showing that it is *the* question of the season. We shall learn and report the decisions hereafter.—*Baltimore Visitor.*

☞ W. C. Bloss, Esq. gives notice through the Rochester Democrat of his determination not to be candidate for the Speaker of the Assembly.

Virginia—Parkersburg Kidnappers.—The Supreme Court of Virginia, now in session at Richmond, has discharged the citizens of Ohio, who were some 18 months since kidnapped in Washington county, taken to Parkersburg, and for a long time confined in prison there. The Virginia, court has decided—as it was bound to decide—that it had no jurisdiction of the matter charged against those individuals, inasmuch as the jurisdiction of that State extends only to low water mark on the western bank on the Ohio River.—*Ohio State Jonrnal.*

Volunteers for Mexico.—The Washington Union says that the regiments of volunteers lately called for from several of the States are nearly all completed.

The first regiment from Pennsylvania left Pittsburgh on the 23d ultimo, and the second will be ready to embark from the same place on the 6th instant.

The regiment from New-York is also ready, and will embark some time next week.

Several companies have been mustered into service in Massachusetts, and no doubts are entertained of the formation of the regiment called for from among her people.

Virginia will complete her regiment in a very few days, and the Governor of that State has already offered another battalion.

The South Carolina regiment is ready for marching.

The Mississipi regiment is nearly full.

North Carolina is making every preparation for the arming and eqipping of her sons, and letters from Louisiana announce that there is every prospect of success in raising the regiment required of her.

A Sad Mistake.—Under this head, the Dayton, (Ohio) Transcript states, that sometime last Spring, Messrs. Chalmers & Harriso f that city, by mistake, mailed for Cincinnati the sum of $200, which they intended to mail for Springfield. The money not being received by their correspondent in Springfield, suspicion of purloining it fell upon one of the clerks of the Dayton post-office, (Mr. V. B. Howard, who, the Transcript says, was "a very worthy young man.") Young Howard was of a very sensitive nature, and being informed of such suspicion, instantly resigned his post, saying that the post-office hereafter was no place for him. He forthwith volunteered for Mexico—left this city for the Rio Grande with the Ohio troops—and being of a feeble constitution took sick on the march from Matamoras to Camargo, and died. The finale of this "sad, eventful history," is thus told by the Transcript:

"Yesterday, the letter with the money it contained, was returned to the post-office here, from the dead letter office at Washington."

A "regular full-grown grind-stone," weighing over thirty pounds, was recently exhumed at St. Louis from a thin coating of beeswax, in which it had been purchased at the rate of 23 cents a pound.

Rev. Dr. Cogswell, of Gilmanton, N. H. has been appointed editor of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, which is to be published by the New England Historical and Genealogical Society of Boston.

The Society of Friends in England, have contributed £20,000 towards the relief of the Irish poor.

Gun Cotton in West Jersey.—Isaac Mickle, Esq. of Camden, in this State, is applying gun cotton to the propulsion of machinery in his factory. The engine is constructed on the plan of the ordinary horizontal steam engine, only there are two cylinders, one working in the other. The gun cotton is ignited by electricity, engendered and applied in a novel manner. Any degree of power may be obtained. It is safer than the ordinary steam engine, and one person can run it.—*Newark Dai. Adv.*

State Library.—The King of Prussia has presented to the New-York State Library six splendid folio volumes, by way of acknowledgment for the "Natural History of New-York," a copy of which had been forwarded to him. His majesty also intends to present to the Library a copy of the Government edition of the works of Frederick the Great, as soon as the printing thereof shall be completed. The Albany Argus says: "Since the Regents took charge of the Library, it has increased about fifty per cent. in extent. It now numbers some fifteen or sixteen thousand volumes, against ten thousand some three years since. And this collection includes some of the choicest and rarest books extant. One of the latest additions is the Warden Library, famous for its interest and value."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from December 28th, to January 4th.

M. M. Chamberlain, Great Falls, N H	$1 00
Levi Farnsworth, Fitchburg, Mass	1 00
Charles Hevland, North Easton, N Y	1 00
Samuel Johnson, New-York,	1 00
Rev. W. W. Patton, Hartford, Ct	1 00
Ludlow Patton, New-York,	1 00
A. Wells, Colosse, N Y	1 00
Rev. L. Barnes, Fabius, N Y	50
Edwin Bishop, Pompey Hill, N Y	1 00
H. Bebee, " "	1 00
Dwelly Spalding, Tully Valley, "	1 00
E. Rockwell, Marcellus, "	1 00
E. Darrows, Vesper, "	1 00
Silas Topping, Amber, "	1 00
J. R. Babcock, Scott, "	1 00
E. H. P. Potter, " "	1 00
Burdick & Barber, " "	1 00
William Cummings, Homer, "	1 00
M. A. Diaz, Plymouth, Mass	1 00
Nathaniel Wood, "	1 00
Zacheus Stephen, "	1 00
Thomas Bartlett, "	1 00
Ichabod Harlow, "	1 00
Prince Manter, Jr. "	1 00
Samuel Barnes, "	1 00
Melzar Pearce, "	1 00
Daniel Sawyer, Wearne, N H	1 00
Wm. B. Logan, Boston, Mass	1 00
Mrs. H. R. Salsbury, Newport, R I	50
Thomas Nichols, "	1 00
Total Amount,	$29.00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, January 27th, and will probably continue in session three days. In view of the alarming strides of despotism—the prosecution of a war of invasion and conquest, for the purpose of extending the boundaries of Slavery, and rendering the sway of the slave power absolute over the country—and the exigencies of our great enterprise—all the members and friends of the society, and all auxiliary societies, are earnestly called upon to make the approaching meeting the most numerous and the most effective of any that has yet been held in this Commonwealth.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*
Edmund Quincy, *Sec.*

NEW ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.

Now in press, and will be issued in a few days, the Church as it is—or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by Parker Pillsbury.

This book will contain, among much other interesting matter, a full account of all the important action of the various ecclesiastical bodies in the United States, on the subject of Slavery.

The position of the Church and ministry, of the religious press of the country, on the present infamous war with Mexico, will also be exhibited, from facts and statements, registered under their own hands.

The strange and monstrous assumptions and usurpations of the clergy, whereby the Church and the people are kept in their present wicked relation to Slavery, will also be presented in a strong and clear light, by extracts from their own statute-books. The whole will be comprised in a neat pamphlet of seventy or eighty pages.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

The board of managers of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, with the approbation of the society given at its annual meeting, have concluded to hold, during the present winter, a series of conventions throughout the county. The present is a most auspicious time for action; shall we not improve it well? One hour now to speak plain truths to the people, is worth more than days, years ago; *then* the evils of Slavery were regarded as metaphysical abstractions—*now* they are *felt* as all too real. The nation is engaged in a murderous aggression on a neighbouring people, in order that slaveholders may still bear sway in its councils by accessions to their power, and that the weak may still be plundered with impunity. A vast territory (now free) is to be forced from Mexico by the horrors of war, and united to this country for Slavery to grow and fatten upon forever—this fact is arousing the people of the North, and they are no only willing, but anxious to listen to the truth spoken plainly. Let the Abolitionists of each neighbourhood, where it is desirable to have a meeting, consider themselves a committee to procure a place for holding it, and to make all other preparations necessary, and inform the secretary of the Board by letter, directed to Kimberton. Early attention to this request is desirable—as it will give time to make the necessary preparations to insure good meetings.

The first of the series will be held at Lawrenceville on First-day, the 27th, at 10 o'clock. A. M. and will probably be continued for two days.

EDWIN FUSSELL, Secretary.
Twelth Month, 1846.

MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS IN CORTLAND, CHENANGO, AND MADISON COUNTIES.

E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts will hold Anti-Slavery meetings in the following towns and villages in Cortland, Chenango, and Madison counties, as follows:

Cortland County.			
Scott,	December 24th,		at 1 & 6 o'clock, p m
Chenango County.			
Pitcher,	January,	4th	"
East Pharsalia,	"	5th,	"
Preston Mason's Corners,	January	6th,	"
Norwich,	"	7th & 8th,	"
North Norwich,	"	9th	"
Sherburn,	"	10th,	"
Columbus,	"	11th,	"
Columbus Corners,	"	12th,	"
Madison County.			
Brookfield,	January,	13th,	"
Leonardsville,	"	14th,	"
West Winfield, Herk. Co.		15th	"

James C. Fuller, of Skaneateles, and other distinguished speakers, will join Dr. Hudson at the meeting at Salina, and accompany and aid him in fulfilling most of his other appointments in Onondaga county.

The friends of the slave are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meeting in their respective towns and villages, which these advocates of the slave will visit, and extend notices as extensively as possible.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc'y.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1845.	a 7840
Pearl	v 85
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	25 a 27
Stearic do.	a
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.50 a .
Newcastle	6.75 a 7.00
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6.50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00 a 6 00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9½ a 11
Sumatra	7¼ a 7½
Porto Rico	a
Laguayra	7¾ a 8
Cuba	a
Brazil	6½ a 7¾
St. Domingo	6 a 6½
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6¾ a 9¾
Alabama	6¾ a 9¾
Florida	6¾ a 8¾
Upland	6 a 7½
Upland, fair	7¾ a 8½
Upland, good and fair	8½ a 8¾
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5 a 5½
do. do. 7-8	5½ a 6½
do. bleached	6 a 8
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½ a 8
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	6 a 10
Plaids	9 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	26 a 60
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	14 a 15
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 23	22 a 23
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	2½ a 2¾
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.40 a 1.45
Copperas	1 a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	9 a 11
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 35
Madder, Dutch	8 a 12
Oil of Anis	1.40 a 1.45
castor, gall.	57½ a .60
Tartaric acid, lb.	30 a 31
Verdigris	17 a 22
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	18.00 a 25.00
Camwood	54.50 a 55.00
Fustic, Cuba	32.00 a 33.00
do. Tampico	22.00 a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	22.00 a 24.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	28 a 32
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	5.00 a 3.20
Dry scale	1.50 a 1.56½
Pickled, bbl.	3.25 a 3.37½
do. salmon,	13.50 a 14.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	9.75 a 10.00
do. No. 2	9.00 a 9.50
do. No. 3	4.87½ a 0.00
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	4.37½ a 4.50
Bucksp't. bbl.	. a .
Mass. do.	. a .
Herring, pickled	3.25 a 3.25
do. scale, per box,	25 a .30
do. No. 1	a .
do. No. 2	a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	9 a 11
American	7 a 7½
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	5.00 a 5.12½
Troy	. a 5.12½
Michigan	5.00 a 5.12½
Ohio, round and flat	[illegible]
Pennsylvania	[illegible] a .
Brandywine	5.25 a .
Georgetown	5.12½ a .
Baltimore c. mills	[illegible]
Richmond c. mills	5.62½ a .
do. country	5.00 a 5.
Alexandria	5.00 a 5.
Fredericksburg	[illegible] a 4.
Petersburg	5.00 a 4.
Rye flour	4.00 a 4.25
Indian meal	3.56 a 3.62½
do. per hhd.	17.00 a 18.00
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	. a 1.12½
do. Southern new	1.00 a .
Rye northern	78 a .80
Corn north'n & Jersey	68 a .70
Southern (weight)	— a .—
Barley, Western,	a .
Oats, northern	38 a .39
do. southern	a .
do. New-Jersey	a .
Beans, tce.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	205.00 a 210.00
outshot	.00 a .00
Manilla	138.00 a 142.00
American, dew rot	80.00 a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00 a 170.50
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	11½ a 11¾
California	4 a 10
Orinoco	11 a 11½
Mexican	10½ a 10¾
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	7.00 a 8.00
Cow	2.00 a 3.00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00 a 37.50
do. American	32.50 a 35.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
do. Russia P,S,I,	102.50 a 105.00
do. do. N. Sable	—.00 a —.50
do. Swedes	90.00 a 92.50
do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
do. do. refined	87.50 a 90.00
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.56 a 3.75
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4¾
Sheet	4¾ a 5
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole,)	18 a 20
Hemlock, light	12 a 13½
do. middle	12 a 13½
do. heav,	11½ a 12½
do. damaged	9½ a 11
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	30.00 a 35.00
do. east pine	11.00 a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10 a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	27.00 a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 15.00
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.22 a .33
do. Ga. yel. pine	20 a .22
Shingles, cy. M.	[illegible] a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00 a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a 42.00
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 45.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	30 a 31
Porto Rico	28 a 30
St. Croix	29 a 31
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	28 a 30
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	15 a 19
Neuvitas	27 a 29
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4 a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	1.62½ a 1.87½
Pitch	1.00 a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	50 a 60
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50 a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	2.50 a 3.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	38 a
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	1.12½ a —
Linseed, American	— a 57
Whale refined	— a —
Sperm, crude	1.00 a 1.02
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil,	65 a 70
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	8.00 a 8.50
do. prime	6.50 a .00
Pork, mess new.	9.37½ a .
do. prime old	7.75 a 7.87½
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	7 a 7½
Butter, West dairy	12 a 14
do. Orange county	18 a 19
do. common	9 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	6 a 8
Hams smoked	6½ a 9
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.25 a 3.37½
Good to prime,	3.50 a 4.00
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	26 a 27
Bonaire	26 a 27
Curacoa	a
Ivica	
Cadiz	a
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	a
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a
do. do. sack	1.05 a 0.07½
do. do. fine	1.02 a 1.30
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 8¾
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxe	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5¾ a 6
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	8 a 9½
New-Orleans	7½ a 8
Cuba, Muscovado	7¾ a 7¾
Porto Rico	7¾ a 8½
Havana, white	9 a 9½
do. brown	7 a 8½
Cuba, white	8½ a 9
do. brown	7½ a 8½
Brazil, white	9 a 10
Manilla, brown	6½ a 7
Loaf	11 a
Crushed	11 a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	45 a 90
Gunpowder	45 a .90
Hyson	40 a .88
Young Hyson	35 a .87
Hyson skin	22 a 55
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 75
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15¾ a 16
In plates ¼ ⋈ box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	35 a 37
do. merino	30 a 32
Pulled, superfine	25 a 26
No. 1	22 a 23
No. 2	20 a 22

NOTICE TO COLORED TRAVELLERS.

J. P. COBURN informs his friends and acquaintances that he can accommodate them with board and lodging on reasonable terms. His house is situated on the corner of

Southac & Butolph Streets, Boston,

and is one of the most commodious and pleasant situations in the west part of the city, and he will spare no pains to make their situation comfortable, as he has everything convenient for that purpose.

October 8, 1846.—3m

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LINES,

Written during an European tour, occasioned by observing military banners hung up in churches, and monuments erected in those sacred edifice, to departed warriors.

BY JAMES STILLMAN.

Aye! rear the monumental piles,
To those that breathing slaughter died,
Barbaric pomp, among those aisles,
Where ye adore the CRUCIFIED!
Hang up red standards round the dome
Where heavenly Pity's wings are spread,
And give war's bloody trophies room,
Where only peace hath right to tread.

Go, sculpture arms in Mercy's shrine!
The tubes of death, and sabres bare,
And in unhallowed union twine
The ivy and the laurel there;
Gloat on the emblems of the fields
That legal murder reeking trod,
And with your hearts by hatred steeled,
Kneel to a kind and loving God.

Go, breathe your solemn prayers to Heaven,
In Christ's own words, that ye may find,
To you that measured pardon given
Which ye have meted to mankind;
The universal Sire implore
Your power of injury to increase,
And chant while shouts of victory roar
Te Deums to the Prince of Peace.

When hov'ring over Bethlehem's plains,
The angel choirs delighted hung,
Goodwill to earth, inspired the strains,
That they to Heaven's own music sung;
Goodwill to earth, O, glorious thought!
To every people, far and wide,
'Twas this the blessed Saviour taught,
And in his life exemplified.

His back he to the smiter bent,
His cheek to those that pluck'd the hair,
To Calvary's bloody brow he went,
And dying blessed his murderers there!
Are ye his followers, men of wrath?
Can ye the name of *Christian* claim,
While ye the straight and narrow path
Profane with strife, and scorch with flame.

Away the impious thought, blaspheme
That holy, sacred name no more;
Wake from your God-dishon'ring dream,
And to its sainted use restore
Each holy fane, where all should show
Sacred to piety and love,
Teaching the humbled heart to glow,
With charity like God above.

Their temples if the heathen boast
With spoils from vanquished victims torn,
That place where meet the Christian host,
Far different trophies should adorn;
Nor must believers ever dare
Their hands imbrue in carnal strife,
For lo! the words of truth declare,
No murderer hath eternal life.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XI.

This suggestion did not pass without effect. After a moment's thought, Touzard issued orders that the fight should cease, and safe positions be taken. He then turned cordially to Vincent, and said: "The sun will soon be down and we shall have a dark night. Your counsel is excellent, and he who gave it shall have the privilege of carrying it into execution. Your Sappers must clear away that barricade and our bayonets shall protect you. Some hours of rest, then, and we shall hear of Cambefort too. Let us find a safe place in these ruins, and have some supper, the best to be had. We have given these black soldiers a pretty smart lesson, but we will give them, I guess, a better one to-morrow, but we may celebrate our triumph here and now, and as we have no bells to ring, we must e'en ring our glasses." This proposition took at once, and soon a fire was kindled within the blackened walls of the ruined house, and cooking utensils were brought, and what with some game and rice, some pork and a spoonbill, which they had shot on the way, an ample repast was prepared, and from the panniers of a mule were brought to light certain flasks, whose bright red contents promised a merry hour in the midst of bloodshed and on the threshold of an uncertain future. Touzard first visited his chain of posts, where his perfect coolness filled his men with admiration. As he rode towards the most advanced points, and the balls of the negroes whistled past him, he was attended only by Vincent, with whom he consulted about the intended assault by night. The conversation went on in the midst of the peril with the greatest composure on both sides. Touzard was a soldier by nature, full of intrepidity and contempt of death; and Vincent found in him a worthy model. The melancholy which had filled the breast of the young officer gave way to the spirit of his profession. The battle had awakened in him the natural thirst for glory, and the savage cruelty of the foe had silenced the voice of justice and mercy in his heart. He now saw how, step by step, the bloodiest crimes were perpetrated, with what refined pleasure the blacks carried on the work of murder, and he secretly shuddered as he thought what a fate might be awaiting him. He passed by the dead bodies of those who, slain in the heat of the fight, were, nevertheless, mangled in the most horrible manner, and above, on the bare tops of the rocks, thousands of demons were dancing in the evening light, with horrid yells, and brandished their weapons, and ready, as he well knew, to tear him in pieces, like any other white, with their teeth, and to drink his blood. His rising indignation at the cruelties of the blacks quickened his faculties, and his suggestions were so much to the purpose that Touzard looked upon him with the pride of a soldier, who sees in a young companion the promise of a future general. As a ball chanced to strike the branch of a tree to which Vincent was holding, hitting it close to his hand, without injuring him, the old Colonel absolutely exulted as he led him away. "The ball that is to hit you is not cast," said he. "This is the way to become a real soldier. You shall storm the pass, and I bet hide and hair, the devils up there will not touch you. Yet not too warm, my young friend," he continued, "I see you are in a passion, I read rage and hate in your face, now I have no feeling but of admiration at the obstinate bravery of these half-naked savages. Believe me, whoever has the gift to control their savage nature, make men of them, and teach them our arts, might make himself invincible on this Island, and would be able to resist the lords of the world."

"But, how is it possible to tame these barbarians?" said Vincent, contemptuously.

"These wild beasts would be a great deal easier broken than the tame ones down there in the town," replied Touzard, laughing, "for those children of nature wonder and fear, but those fellows fear nothing, wonder at nothing, neither God, nor man. They care for nothing but their own rights, their worthless caste-privileges which are the cause of all the mischief."

"With these opinions, Colonel," rejoined Vincent, amazed, "it must be very hard for you to fight for the pride of caste."

"Not in the least," said Touzard, coolly. "What have my opinions to do with my duty? I fight because I must, and I hate nobody, but the Lord have mercy on the black skins. Remember, and order your men to take no prisoners. They give too much trouble."

Touzard had fallen into a merry humour at the fortunate result of the fight, and the humour continued, when he was seated in the midst of his officers at the meal which had been prepared. Glasses jingled, and now and then a musket-shot and the distant cries of the blacks mingled with the laughter occasioned by some merry tale. For some minutes, time and place, past and future were forgotten. Love stories and adventures were served up. Much was said to the amusement of the company of the fashions and intrigues of the ladies; and the levity of the French character, with the help of wine, triumphed over all terrors.

"Among all the fair Creoles," cried a young officer, "there is only one of whom no stories are to be told. A bumper to this goddess in the temple of Virtue."

"Your virtue is awfully wearisome," cried another, "but your goddess is the very pattern of all weariness on earth. Blanca Blanchelande, God send her health and life eternal. She is done with the life human."

"It was not so formerly," said a third. "Then she used to appear at balls and parties, but since she put on mourning for the illustrious dead, she despises all the living."

"Perhaps because they are not worthy of her," suggested an old Major.

"Who do you think is worthy of her?" cried the officer. "If ever woman has suffered from an overstrained enthusiasm, it is this heroine. A little while ago I was talking to her about those things one is accustomed to talk about with ladies, but she fastened her great big eyes upon me so uncomfortably, that at last I did not know what I was saying. Suddenly she caught my hand and said: "What do you think, is it possible that man is descended from the ape, or is it designed that man should, for a warning, as it were, see himself, in the senseless brute that wears so cruel a resemblance to a rational creature."

All laughed immoderately at this account. The old Major said: "That is a heavy addition to the troubles of the poor General, who is nearly worried to death by the public, and to be tormented at home too, by a crazy daughter. It is a great pity, a rich, beautiful young girl—aye, I know the time when every one crowded to get a look at her, but she was spoiled, from the first, with books and high notions, and the blind fondness of her weak father. O! I knew it perfectly well—she is horribly learned—has read all the books, speaks all the languages, but is mad, stark mad."

"If she were only mad," said an officer, whose complexion betrayed a true Creole, "by G—d! we should be glad of it. Haven't you heard about her letters? She has written to the blacks, telling them to fight on, and to the mulattoes, not to let their freedom be torn from them. She is said to have offered to be a mediator between the two, and to have advised their union, and whoever has heard her preach universal freedom will believe it."

"It requires a Creole's faith for that," cried another, and now the daughter of the Governor became the subject of a dispute, which was carried on with laughter and ridicule, and no little warmth occasionally. Vincent, alone, remained silent and thoughtful. Before his eyes flitted the noble, beautiful form of the being to whom was imputed so much that was hateful and bad. Now, first, when the silly set her down as crazy, he understood the earnest and enthusiastic exaltation of her mind. "An extraordinary creature, indeed," said he, in a low voice," "above common weaknesses, hating baseness, through suffering exalted to the highest spiritual power, and on that account considered an object of pity, extravagant, and half-crazy."

Unable to endure the idle talk of his comrades, Vincent silently rose and retired beyond the ruined walls. The glowing light of departing day coloured all things with that yellow hue which announces a stormy night. The tops of the wood burned in the glow, the waterfalls sparkled and darted forth their fire-sheaves, the air was clear and soft, and seemed to breathe down beauty and goodness upon the creatures, who were intent only upon bloodshed and murder. Vincent saw the sentinels on their rounds, and their arms glanced and flashed upon him. A deep sadness stole over him. Thoughtfully he ascended the rocks and seated himself upon one of the highest points. The warlike temper which a little while before, had filled every thought, had vanished. He longed for wings that he might escape forever from this blood-stained soil, and yet a fond dream kept him here, and in the conflict of his feelings he found no point of rest. He spread out his arms towards the mountains whence the wild cry of the blacks arose, and ashamed of the contradictions in himself, which rendered him wavering and infirm, he covered his eyes with his hands. "Poor, poor world," cried he, with a sigh, "how is it possible for any virtue to be practised on this great empire of vice and crime. Almighty One! what peace, what destiny, what end dost thou design for us? Death, perpetual death, destruction follows destruction, and no guiding light, no future, leading to Heaven—nothing but suffering and the grave."

The sound of horse's hoofs caused him to raise his eyes, and a stroke as of lightning went through his heart. It seemed to him that he dreamed, and, almost without breathing, he gazed upon the strange apparition. A beautiful lady flew through the woods upon a horse covered with foam, an angel of peace in the midst of savage violence and murder. It was the Lady de Blanchelande, in a dark riding dress. Large feathers waved from her hat, and her figure, so graceful and earnest, was completely illuminated by the setting sun. Behind her, rode an old servant, whose harsh features expressed every variety of fear, while she, proud, and at her ease, like a queen, appeared to be conscious of no danger. Long stood the young officer gazing as at the beautiful creation of a dream. Suddenly he approached, and by an exclamation of wonder and alarm, gave note of his presence, which she seemed hardly to observe.

She greeted him, however, with a slight smile, and then urged her panting steed to the very brink of the rocks, where the whole valley lay open at her feet. Vincent caught at the reins, and looked up with an imploring expression to her face. Their eyes met, but in hers was presented such an air of confidence and power, that his anxiety in her behalf vanished before it. "You are disposed to be angry, Captain," said she, "that a woman ventures to set foot within the arena of your exploits. What! ye proud men, you think, then, that woman must not look upon blood, and woe, and cruelty? Are we then so tenderly cared for in life, that the horrors of such a scene as this must not touch us? O! I am no wild, romantic girl, who, in mere waywardness, disregards the rules of propriety, and defies the advice of sober people, and then, overcome by the actual truth, trembles in every nerve, and melts away in tears."

"You know not," cried Vincent, "to what dangers you expose yourself. It is a childish, a culpable impulse that has driven you to forsake the security of the city. Do not be angry. I say it, I who honour you from my inmost heart, and, good Heaven! would willingly sacrifice my life for yours?"

"My life!" replied she, with a smile; "is the life of so insignificant a being of more worth, then, than the lives of those many brave men who lie slaughtered around us? My horse has passed over the bodies of men who groaned under his hoofs, and I have seen and felt what a little thing life is, how easy and how hard it is to die, how this creature, that rants so much about his divinity, is turned into a bloodhound, the moment he sees blood, how he thirsts for it, with what delight he murders, with what admirable ingenuity he multiplies the forms of death. The tiger of the desert strikes his talons into his prey and instantly tears it in pieces, the reasoning tiger, who professes to believe in a God and another life—O, Heaven! and in a retribution and an eternity, he gloats over tortures and the agonies of death."

"And to see all this, you have come hither?" asked Vincent, reproachfully.

"I wished to see it, it was necessary that I should see it," she returned, while a deep blush darkened her high, white brow. "Fear not, I have often traversed this region, and know it perfectly. My horse is swift, and in case of need, I know how to defend myself," and with this, she pointed to her saddle-bow, where the handle of a pistol was visible. "Had not accident brought you hither," she continued, "no one would have known that a woman could be so degenerate as to come in pursuit of death, to gratify herself with the sight of it. Look at that old man there, my attendant, see how his fidelity struggles with his agony, how he strains his dim eyes, to discover any lurking foe, and how his grizzled hair stands up at the sight of the mangled dead. I fear nothing—I know that it must be so, and what avails it if a man more or less suffers death? The good die as well as the bad, but murder on, pave the path of freedom with human hearts and heads, the divinity for whom they die, the sacred sentiment that lived in them, that your executioners cannot destroy."

"This is a great comfort," said Vincent, touched by the eloquence of her manner and her words, "still truth has always triumphed. But how long is the way, how endless, with what streams of blood has the little that man has won, been purchased! and the mind becomes bewildered, and doubts the final result."

"Despair not," replied Blanca, with a look full of inspiration, "I too have questioned and doubted, but I know now that things must be as they are. One can dream of truth and virtue, and fancy that mankind will never be willingly led into the true path, but one must go onward with the sickle and mow down error, and by action one learns to live for virtue. Yes, had I been born black, as a priestess of Freedom would I annihilate these white hirelings, and all who are fighting so stupidly for Slavery; as a white, I call out: strike down these negroes, these slaves, till you are struck down in return. And that is my counsel," she continued earnestly, "and you, citizen, you, who are a proud lover of freedom, do you follow it. Try not to avert and to mitigate—it is idle and a folly. Suppress your feelings, clamour for revenge, slay and massacre without mercy, this too, is called virtue. O! the day will come when the holy cause shall conquer, when no colour shall prevent a man from wearing a civic crown, and when one shall see these proud gentlemen tremble before a black slave. Woe to you, then, ye traitors! Then let the hour strike for the most exalted sacrifice." With a violent gesture, she pulled round her restive animal, and threw a long glance over the valley. "I have seen what I wished to see," said she; "farewell, citizen, it pains me to the heart to see you here. Your place is off there, on the other side, but it must be so, so down with the wretches who dare to fight against the soldiers of freedom." With a slight motion, she gave the reins to her horse, and sprang down the mountain. Fastened to the spot by the conflicting feelings of the moment, Vincent looked after the rider, who, without seeming to notice any obstacles, or without looking around, hastened away. The delicate figure in the solitude of wood and rock, a beautiful and inspired woman, riding over corpses, her singular words, the feverish eccentricity, which seemed to him almost the personification of virtue, and the prophetic exaltation of her mind,—all produced an effect upon him at once elevating and yet painful. He thought, too, how adventurous this apparition had been, and how completely Blanca was carried away by her vehement desire to tear herself free from the usual restraints of her sex. And then suddenly rose before him the image of a timid, gentle Helen, and love filled all his heart, but with love for her was united admiration for the being, in the elevation of whose thoughts and aims, he felt no little sympathy.

He slowly returned to the farm-yard, and took his place among his brother officers, by whom his absence had scarcely been observed, and who were now gathered round a ragged, dark mulatto woman, who, with great simplicity, and in great fright, was relating fragments of her sufferings. A reconnoitering party had found her hidden among the rocks and bushes, and brought her to head-quarters, where she now, trembling, and scarcely able to speak, at one time begged for mercy, and then, in a monotonous manner, replied to the questions that were put to her.

"Then they were all here, in this house?" said Touzard.

"Yes, when it was a house, Massa Officer," replied the old woman. "Hush! here was the door, there the great kitchen—there massa's room, white walls, massa, beautiful looking-glasses, massa, O, he! O, he! and all now ashes." And so saying, she raised her skinny hands, clapped them violently together, and broke out into that strange chuckling sound peculiar to the blacks, and expressive of surprise and triumph.

"The old creature is crazy," cried the Major.—"Hear you, you ugly old witch, we don't want to hear about your Massa Paradox, or Paradour, or Caradon, or I know not what, but about the black beast that murdered him. Who was it, how do you call him, the hell-hound?"

The old woman stared for a while at the speaker, and then suddenly fell upon her knees and crawled to the feet of the officer. "No kill, massa," howled she, "no cut off head, poor Messaline, good massa, Messaline do everything, massa be good, massa, good massa!"

"What protestations of eternal love and devotion the charming creature utters," cried one of the adjutants, and a laugh arose at the Major's expense, who had no little difficulty in extricating his feet from the old woman. "The devil take you!" cried he, at last, and gave her a violent kick, which laid her at full length upon the ground, which only occasioned new mirth. "We had better toss this crazy creature out for other folks to play their jokes upon her," added the Major, with no pleased air.

This rough treatment, however, seemed to work like magic upon the memory of the black woman. She stroked aside her coarse black wool from her eyes, and then with great rapidity, and without the slightest hesitation, proceeded to say: "Messaline was a faithful servant. She was free; her father was of the tribe Sekeira, her mother a Marabon. Massa Paradole made her free, and Messaline love massa and the children. Night came, and Messaline slept softly, and she heard the door smash, and then a shriek, and a voice cried, 'burn down the house, and bind massa, and bring him here.' O! how the fire run over the gum-wood! Messaline looked out. Black men led massa, all bound, and tost him about so that he was all bruised and bloody, and then she seized the children and carried them away into the wood. Four of them, Massa. O! Messaline loved them."

"Cease," cried Touzard roughly, "you have told enough, and I know now who it was, the monster Jeannot. The four children came crying back to beg the life of their father, and threw themselves at the feet of the brute, who murdered them slowly before the eyes of their father, and so he, poor man, suffered five deaths. But, Messaline, bethink thyself, what happened yesterday, where were you yesterday?"

The woman stared at him for a moment, and then replied: "Here!"

"And who was here with you among these ruins?"

"O! massa," whispered she, "black men in gay coats—covered with gold, O, he! just as massa is dressed; and white massas too, with beards and gold chains, which they took and hung upon the blacks."

"And do you know what they said?" asked the Commander."

"Old Messaline lay there," was the reply, "under the shed, behind the high walls, and noboby saw her. Then Priests came and spoke, and the white men spoke, and the black men shouted, 'Long live the King!' said they, 'we will kill all the white massas.' And the white men laughed and pointed up to the mountains, and said, "Kill! kill! The great King will laugh and give money. Let the massas only come up here in the mountains, and then the black brothers can go to the Coast, and burn their towns, and all their soldiers are lost.'"

This intelligence was followed by deep silence throughout the circle of officers. Finally one remarked: "What if we drive these hordes into the Spanish mornes, what will it avail us? We have no tidings from Cambefort, and we hear incessantly behind us the roar of artillery at the Cape. What if the black woman has heard right, and the plans of the negroes have been so arranged as to allure us up into the mountain, while their murdering hosts fall upon the city?"

"Better were it for our small numbers," murmured another, "to keep the city and the forts, and leave this work in the mountains to the arrogant militia and National Guard."

A severe look from Touzard enforced silence.—"We will not be defrauded of our victory," said he. "In two hours we shall storm the Pass, and open a passage to Dondon and Lienonade. This night must decide. But what is that?" he added, and looked up towards the mountains, which glowed in the last light of day. A dense crowd of blacks were howling and dancing upon the extreme edge of the rocks. They waved their sabres and axes, which glittered in the evening light around a little group of white prisoners. By the aid of glasses the officers distinguished every movement, and could almost discern the features of every individual, but a cry of revenge and of pain ran through the circle of officers, as they saw these prisoners, bleeding and bound, led to the brink of the cliff, and then suddenly hurled down.

Touzard leaned against the shattered wall, and looked calmly upon the tragedy which fastened every eye. "Save you I cannot," said he, taking the cigar from his mouth, "but out with our black prisoners, and hang them up in a row at the outermost posts. Here, take this black Megara with you, this Messaline shall be rewarded for her intelligence. She shall avenge her master, and do the hangman's office."

They looked round, but the black woman had disappeared. She was nowhere to be seen. The adjutants darted off to execute the command just given, willing hands were found to put cords round the necks of the blacks, and soon a row of corpses swung upon the trees, which was hailed by a yell of rage and despair, which came down from the mountains to the ruined farm-house, where there were but few whom wine and play had not dispossessed of all care.

In the dead of night, the company which was to gain the pass, assembled with Vincent at their head. The cruelties of the day had excited the French to the highest pitch of madness; every breast heaved with the desire of revenge, and the harangues of their superiors were superfluous. In perfect silence the company passed up the narrow ravine which was enclosed on both sides with rocks. The barricades at the entrance were avoided, and every one scrambled to gain the heights, and to face dangers which in their secret hearts they foreboded. With every step the spirits of the soldiers rose, and a low but animating murmur ran through the ranks as the hope arose that the blacks had drawn off and left this terrible position.

But suddenly from the height above boomed a cannot shot from the redoubt which obstructed their advance, and innumerable torches blazed forth, on both sides of the pass, lighted as by magic. A thousand-voiced cry and yell mingled with the rolling fire of the negroes which broke from all the chasms, bushes, and clefts, while huge rocks thundered down, pushed by the hands of women and children. It was in character with this ferocious conflict and the vengeful passions engaged, to press on, besides, to retreat was now perhaps more dangerous than to attempt to gain the brief ascent that yet remained. One spirit animated the French, and although many had already fallen, and it would have been impossible to hope for victory over a disciplined enemy, yet, contempt for the blacks and their awkwardness in the use of fire-arms, encouraged the attempt to proceed. Vincent, animating his men, advanced at their head, and was the first to mount the breastwork of the redoubt. Leaping therefrom into a thick mass of desperate men, he forgot every thing but the feeling of the moment. A frightful conflict raged around him. The axes of the Sappers and the bayonets of the Grenadiers met with an obstinate resistance. A dense crowd of negroes threw themselves in the way, and to extricate oneself was impossible. Eager for the fight, those in the rear drove forward those in front, who, struggle as they might, were compelled to throw themselves on the bayonets of the soldiers. Other masses followed. Rushing down the heights above, they flung themselves into the narrow pass, and the remains of the assailants were forced to retreat. On every side reigned night and terror, and the flash of fire arms, which illuminated the bloody arena, and the wild blackened faces of the combatants, mingled with the groans and convulsive shrieks of the dying, and the shouts of the negroes. Vincent had undertaken a fruitless enterprise. He saw his men giving way, separated, engaged hand-to-hand with the enemy, and overcome, and suddenly himself surrounded on all sides, by a multitude of black, naked figures. He was about to use his sword, when a blow felled him to the earth. He had a dreamy impression of noise and fire; he felt himself violently dragged along, and then all sense forsook him.

(To be continued.)

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

HOME OFFICE MERCY.—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Very recently, we had occasion to dwell upon the clemency of the Government, in the case of WILLIAM ROWBOTHAM, a convict sentenced to transportation for imputed forgery. The man being found wholly guiltless, received a free pardon for his innocence. Government is again forgiving; the object of its tenderness, one DANIEL DONOVAN, at present a condemned convict in Van Dieman's Land; sentenced for manslaughter in 1844. It seems, there were always doubts in DANIEL's case; and recently an *alibi* has been clearly proved in his favour. DANIEL DONOVAN is not stained with human blood; he has not taken human life; no, he is as innocent of the atrocity, as the Home Secretary himself; and being innocent, has a "free pardon." To be guiltless, is to be forgiven; with, however, certain conditions. Let the reader mark the grim comedy in the official letter, addressed to Lord MORPETH, who had interested himself in the convict's favour. The letter is written by Sir GEORGE GREY, bearing date November 2, 1846:

"My Lord—Having had under consideration the application which I had the honour to receive from your lordship, in behalf of DANIEL DONOVAN, who was convicted at York Assizes, in July, 1844, of manslaughter, and sentenced to be transported for life, I beg to acquaint your lordship, that, *under all the circumstances of the case*, I felt warranted in taking measures for the grant *of a pardon* to this convict, *on condition* of his not returning to the United Kingdom, should his conduct have been good, since his arrival in Van Dieman's Land."

The man is proved innocent of manslaughter, and is to be generously forgiven, if his conduct has "been good" since unjustly punished. If, like a Christian philosopher, supported by the consciousness of his innocence, he has meekly borne the ignominy put upon him—if, stolen from his wife, his family, his home, and degraded to a bond-slave, he has drudged and worn his chains with "good conduct,"—why, he shall be pardoned the bloodshed he never committed. But if, impatient with the crushing weight of wrong, he has rebelled against the injustice, he is to be held still guilty of the imputed offence, and to remain captive accordingly. Any way, though innocent of blood, and of pattern conduct since unjustly punished, he is for life a doomed exile! Mercy is described by poets and limned by painters, as of tenderest and most gracious aspect; with dove-like eyes, and sweet simplicity of speech. But official mercy—the mercy of the Home Office—has something fantastic and witch-like in her manner; and, with a strange jargon, mocks the misery she blunderingly relieves. A free pardon for innocence! If mercy is to pardon only the innocent, what becomes of her function towards the guilty? But, as we have before said, this is official language. To be straightforward is hardly ministerial. The true line of moral beauty is not direct, but, as in art, is still a curve.

However, every new manifestation of this eccentricity of mercy demands a reconsideration of the awful question of capital punishment: a question, we are most happy to know, at this moment agitated in various parts of the country; a question engaging the most active sympathies of an intelligent and increasing body of our fellow-citizens. Meeting upon meeting is held; and we doubt not, that when Parliament opens, a cloud of petitions for the abolition of a barbarous and impious law, will compel its most grave and earnest consideration. Of course, the hangman will have his champions: the gallows will be clung to as one of our ancient institutions; but, sooner or later, it must down; it is rotten, and must go; even though well-meaning people with Bible texts of questionable meaning in their mouths, lament its fall, prophesying wholesale murder from the fatal hour of its destruction. We, however, earnestly entreat these upholders of the gibbet to array before their minds eye, men like WILLIAM ROWBOTHAM, and DANIEL DONOVAN, innocently doomed, and—but for the just alteration of the law, an alteration by many, vigorously contested—long ere this, judicially murdered, and rotting in their graves. And how many such murders have been committed in the outraged name of Justice? How much guiltless blood cries from the earth against the ignorance and barbarism of the past?

The *Morning Chronicle*, however, in a very temperate article, argues for capital punishments so long as there shall be war:

> We are content to state that whenever war shall be abolished—whenever men and nations find that they can do without war, we shall be glad to see Capital Punishment abolished too, without a thought of those minor expediencies which, in a question like the present, ought never to be more than collateral arguments. When the reveries of Dr. Bowring and the Peace Society *are accepted and put in practice by the Statesmen and Legislatures of Europe and America*, then, and no sooner, in our opinion, will it be time to abolish *utterly* the punishment of death. When the killing of men by tens of thousands has ceased to be the only effectual method of nations understanding one another, or acquiescing in the requisite mutual relations—when this grand "blot on civilization," and still more upon the Christianity of Christendom is effaced, then, and not much sooner, will it be, in the words of our contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser*, "no hazardous prediction to foretell the speedy abolition of a power which is not legitimately vested in erring man."

The reveries of the Peace Society have been, in a great degree, accepted and put in practice; have had, and will have, increasing influence on the English nation: witness the almost universal denunciation of war; witness the interchange of Peace Addresses across the Atlantic during the late Oregon question. We think in these days to involve England in a war would be a task of far greater difficulty than in the good old times, when French and English were considered natural enemies; sent upon the earth, like game-cocks, to fight with one another.

With a standing army, infers the *Chronicle*, you must have a standing gibbet. Whilst a Field Marshal is required, you cannot give up Jack Ketch. Whilst bloodshed rewards the soldier with laurels, it must punish the offender with rope. The intimate relationship of hero and hangman is, certainly, not complimentary to the War Office; but the compliment is not of our making.

And then, "Statesmen and Legislatures!" Why, what are they but the growth of public opinion?—Of human origin, swayed and animated by human motives? And, truly, we have great hopes of their teachableness, even by such dreamers of dreams as those enthusiasts, who think that civilization will come to be tested, not by the skillful use of the sword, but by its abandonment. We have, too, great hopes in the discoveries of science, that will make war too destructive for even the stomach of cannibal glory. There will be no picking sprigs of laurel under the inevitable destructiveness of invisible shells, and long ranges. The great spirit of mischief will be too potent: and even despite of themselves, bind nations over to keep the peace.

However, we sink from the swelling theme of martial glory, to the horrid uses of the hangman; whose function, exercised even upon the murderer, has in it a terrible mockery of reason. It is the most awful crime to take human life. Human life, the gift of God, made most solemn, by its present duties and ultimate destiny, is the most sacred manifestation of the Divine Will upon earth. And, legislators, you would teach its solemnity—you would preach its sacredness? And you take the scaffold for your vantage-ground; and, lecturing upon this sacredness of human life, you hire a man to kill a man.

From Morris's and Willis's Home Journal.

HEARING WITH THE EYE.

A VISIT TO A DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL AT LEIPSIC.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Teaching the deaf and dumb to *hear with the eye*, and teaching them to know how to speak by *seeing and feeling words when spoken*, are triumphs of inventive benevolence of which the patient and good Germans should have as enthusiastic credit as was given to Howe for the lighting of the windowless cell in which was locked up the mind of Laura Bridgman. Under the guidance of a friend of Horace Mann's, (Dr. Vogel,) my brother and I joined Dr. Bartlett, of Philadelphia, in a visit to the school where this difficult tuition is practiced. We were shown at once into one of the school-rooms, where, while waiting for the principal, we saw a teacher employed in the initiatory lesson. Ten or fifteen deaf and dumb boys sat at a long table with slates and pencils, and the master, seated at the upper end, had one pupil standing at his knee, whom he was instructing, while the others looked on. As he pronounced the letters of the alphabet, the boy *imitated the motion of his lips, and thereby made the same sound;* aiding his imitation of it by placing his hand on the master's breast, and *feeling the vibration*, and then trying the vibration of his own. The other boys, meantime, wrote on their slates the letters they *saw* spoken; waiting their turn for experiment with the master.

It is curious to one who has never before thought of it, what a different gate the mouth is to the different comers-out—how differently it lets out A from B, C from D. These teachers of the deaf and dumb find no difficulty in making the exit of every letter of the alphabet distinctly recognizable by *the eye only*. The boys at this table were beginners, but they already knew their letters thus *by sight, when spoken*. The little fellow who was up for his lesson was a complete personification of Shakspeare's Puck, a rosy, laughing, untroubled urchin, whom it was almost a pity to help out of his locked-up self into a less happy world—digging into a pure spring to let in upon it a muddy river—and his imitation utterances of the letters were very discordant and unnatural, as would be expected from a deaf and dumb beginner. The entrance of the principal of the school interrupted our acquaintance with him, and we followed into another apartment, to see the upper class, not without a pressure of my hand on the head of my little favourite, and a smile of intelligence magnetically quick in return. At a table in this same room, by the way, the son of an Austrian nobleman was pointed out to us among the new scholars—a straight, well-limbed lad of fourteen, who, by his melancholy countenance, seemed to have been made more fully aware than the other boys of the extent of their common calamity.

The upper class numbered some eight or ten lads, who were being taught to hear and speak *by a deaf and dumb tutor*. (By *hear*, I mean, of course, *understand what is said*.) This tutor was a perfected pupil of the institution, and a sufficient proof of the practicability of the system. He was born deaf and dumb, but he *conversed freely!* He was a young man of twenty-five, very intelligent-looking, and differed from other people only in the intense expression of *searchingness* in his countenance—a gaze as if he was trying to look through you into another man—natural enough when you reflect that he converses habitually with people by only *seeing* them talk. Not understanding the language, I could not, of course, judge of the correctness of his accentuation, but he answered the questions put to him with great readiness, only with a little more guttural effort and more twisting of the lips than other people. He found no difficulty in understanding what my brother said to him—though Americans, even in speaking German, move their mouths much less than the Germans. In this national immobility of the external organs of speech, indeed, lies a formidable obstacle to the success of this system, either in England or America. We do our talking *inside the mouth*, slighting all the angular sounds, to which the honest German lips do such visible justice. It was odd, by the way, to see my brother endeavouring to make the tutor hear a question when his back was turned—the latter perfectly unaware that he was spoken to, though he had heard all that was said to him *before*.

The experiments with the class were exceedingly interesting. To see a once deaf and dumb man *talking* to deaf and dumb boys, who afterwards wrote with chalk upon the wall what *we* had *heard* and *they* had *seen* him say, was a scene that had in it elements for the sublime. It seemed to me, indeed, somewhat as clairvoyance does—like venturously forcing a door that God has pointedly shut. I speak only of my impression at the time. I looked along the bench, however, to see if I could detect among the youthful heads an embryal Moloch, religious, political, or moral, whose senses it had been thus necessary to lock from action on the world.—None there looked to me as if he had in him the stuff for dangerous greatness.

I regret exceedingly that the name of the benevolent inventor of this system has slipped from my memory. His physiognomy is marked for a philanthropist, and he looks at home in the school to which he has devoted his life. I think he said it had been in operation fifteen years, but mention is made of it in one of the well-known Reports of Horace Mann, to which I refer those who wish for more particular information. One shade I must put in with the light of the picture, and I do it solely in the hope of calling the attention of the worthy principal to the subject, since I could not name it without apparent intrusion through an interpreter, and—"*scripta verba manent*." I refer to the *want of personal cleanliness* in the pupils, and a closeness of air in the school-rooms, that were really offensive. The majority of the boys, and *all* the masters, were evidently suffering for fresh air—pale and unhealthy, as well as neglectful of their persons. This (as every one knows who has travelled there) is a *Germanism*, and the country needs, as an avater to the progress of education, a *missionary to preach ventilation.* To destroy a boy's health while supplying him with intelligence to enjoy life, is like the Indian's lengthening his blanket—adding to the bottom a piece cut from the top.

This system of *hearing with the eye* gives a valuable hint to those who are merely deaf; but, as an unsuspected accomplishment, it would make dangerous havoc among secrets. Fancy a man in the pit of a theatre who could *overhear with an opera-glass* everybody whom he could *see* talking. How many interviews between Napoleon and the statesmen of Europe are described in memoirs, where the writer speaks of seeing the countenances and gesticulations of the talkers, yet only guesses at the drift of the conversation! How judges, conferring in whispers on the bench, diplomatists at court, speculators on 'change, betters at play, lovers out of earshot, might insensibly reveal secrets to one of these listeners! Metternich would find employ for a man with such an accomplishment.

From the N. E. Puritan.

THE CASE OF GEORGE WILSON.

It is a pity to spoil a good story, but it is sometimes necessary. A correspondent of ours some months ago related an anecdote of one George Wilson, who rose from a boy in the alms-house at Hartford, to be one of the greatest mathematicians of the age; being indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet. The story has gone the rounds of the papers, and seems not yet to have finished its course. But unfortunately for its future destinies, we have received a letter from Mr. Gallaudet, suggesting that it must have been some other individual who befriended the young mathematician, and stating that the story is new to him. Unwilling to give up so promising a child without all proper efforts to save it, we wrote to the author of the article, through whom it came to us, and he informs us that he received the eccount from a public lecture of Col. Miller of Vermont, well known to the public, in 1844, that he took down the names, dates, and leading points of the story, and that he gave them precisely as stated by him, and that the dress only of the thoughts is his.

we add only, that our friend, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, needs no *imaginary good deeds* to be ascribed to him to brighten his character or reputation.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

SELF-SUPPORTING VILLAGE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. T. M. Morgan, the founder of the "Self-Supporting Village Association," has been making a tour in Switzerland, for the purpose of diffusing and collecting information on the subject to which he has devoted his life—the improvement of society, especially of the poorer classes, by combining their labour and resources in organized communities under due superintendence, moral and spiritual. Mr. Morgan has awakened much interest in his mission, and has met with very general and marked manifestations of sympathy.

A FRENCH SUICIDE WITH GUN COTTON.—An account is given in a French journal of a gentleman committing suicide by cramming his ear full of the cotton, and igniting it with a cigar.—*Daily News.*

CANDOUR.—A gentleman made the following return to the income-tax commissioners:—"For the last three years, my income has been somewhat under 150*l*. In future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

POLAND.—TREATMENT OF THE JEWS.—The *Silesian Gazette* contains a Warsaw correspondence of the 8th instant, in which it is stated that eighty Jews, with their Rabbi at their head, had applied to the authorities of that city for permission to wear their ancient costume. They were not only refused, it appears, their request, but they had the additional mortification of being shorn of their beards and flowing locks, and, moreover, of paying the barbers.

The catechism used in the Government schools in Austrian Italy teaches that deserters from the army will be punished with eternal damnation.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

The *Tablet* says that the red-hot Protestants find their "man of sin" (the Pope), a "man of God," and are much grieved and perplexed at the excellence of the scarlet—individual.—*Ibid.*

JOHN CZERSKI.—He is a slightly-made man, of the middle height, with sallow plebeian features, dressed like a priest, with a round, broad, German head, a broad chin, a long upper lip, a short, sharp nose, intelligent black eyes, and brown hair smoothed down the sides of a good forehead, with nervous sensibility and self-reliance displayed in the workings of his features. In age he appears to be between thirty and forty, but worn by study and anxiety. His look flashes conviction of his sincerity into the observer. His voice is sweet and earnest. His style and manner show a degree of culture considerably above the average of the clerical profession.—*Eclectic Review.*

DUMBIEDIKE'S ADVICE.—Plant trees everywhere, we say; let them shade our streets, and grow where ever there is room for them. Especially plant them in the country, where open fields will admit, and be sure that in the end they will surprise the planter by their growth whilst he and his children are sleeping! In evidence of this, let us quote an anecdote to the purpose. It is related of a farmer in Long Island, that he planted an ordinary field of fourteen acres, with suckers from the locust (a native of this country) in the year of his marriage, as a portion for his children. His eldest son married at twenty-two. On this occasion the farmer cut about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of timber out of his locust wood, which he gave his son to buy a settlement in Lancaster county. Three years after he did as much for his daughter. And thus he provided for his whole family; the wood in the meantime repairing by suckers all the losses it suffered.—*Boston Transcript.*

PRECISENESS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Sir Robert, in the midst of his great official duties, was always minutely careful in small matters. On this point the Inverness Journal relates the following anecdote:

When lately he made his memorable speech on going out of office, he was very much agitated. He bled profusely at the nose; and an honourable member behind him, (Colonel Rushbrooke,) observing that he had only a white silk handkerchief, soon disfigured by the stains, handed him a red handkerchief. The Premier bowed, accepted the proffer, and proceeded with a speech destined, perhaps, to affect the legislation of the world. The debate went on, great excitement prevailed, and decent Col. Rushbrooke retired about one or two in the morning.—His mind occupied with the international affairs of the whole terraqueous globe, was suddenly brought down from its altitude by Peel's livery servant, with his master's compliments and thanks, presenting to him his said red silk handkerchief, carefully washed, ironed, and folded, just as if it had been lent by a millinery girl to a laundress.

TOAST AND WATER.—This article, simple as it is, is rarely well prepared. Cut an upper crust of bread as thick again as is usual for toast; brown it carefully, but see that it be not burned, smoked, or black; pour on it as much water as is required, and cover the jug till it is cold. A slice of thin cut orange or lemon peel infused with it improves it greatly; it should be made early in the day during the summer, and placed in the sun, when it may be drunk with impunity.—*Kitton's Practical Medicine.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.—It is calculated that the 400 mechanics' institutions of Great Britain comprise 80,000 members, possess about 400,000 volumes of books, raise about £30,000 a-year, and occasion the delivery of nearly 40,000 lectures.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS.—In an action for slander, which came on for trial at the assizes at Norwich, on Saturday, before Mr. Baron Alderson, it appeared that the words complained of were uttered by the defendant in private familiar conversation with a friend; and the learned judge stopped the case, saying that such a conversation ought to be treated as a privileged communication, for if persons were to be subject to actions for words so spoken, all intercourse between friends would be at an end.

ILLNESS OF THE POET MOORE.—We have received from London a private letter, dated Thursday, from which, with much regret, we give the following paragraph:—"I lament to have to tell you of the rapidly declining health of Ireland's most honoured poet. The sun of life is fast setting, and it is feared that his dissolution is near at hand."—*Ballinasloe Star.*

PAINT.—To get rid of the smell of oil paint, plunge a handful of hay into a pail of water, and let it stand in the room newly painted.

Multiply the word "murder" by ten thousand, and the product is "war."—*Arithmetic of Peace.*

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

CYRUS M. BURLEIGH, Plainfield, Ct
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marion, Grant co Ia
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R I
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co N Y
THOMAS McCLINTOCK, Waterloo, "
SLOCOMB HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Caynga co N Y
L. STONE, Oberlin, Ohio,
ROBERT F. WALCUTT, Boston, Mass
JESSE HOLMES, New Lisbon, Columbiana co Ohio
K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark co Ohio
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison co, Ohio
E. D. HUDSON, Springfield, Mass
JAMES A. BURR, Ludlowville, N Y
ROBERT C. MARSHALL, Hiram, Potage county
VALENTINE NICHOLSON Harveysburg, Warren county,
WILLIAM CRONK, Buffalo, N Y
DAVID K. COOK, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, NY